

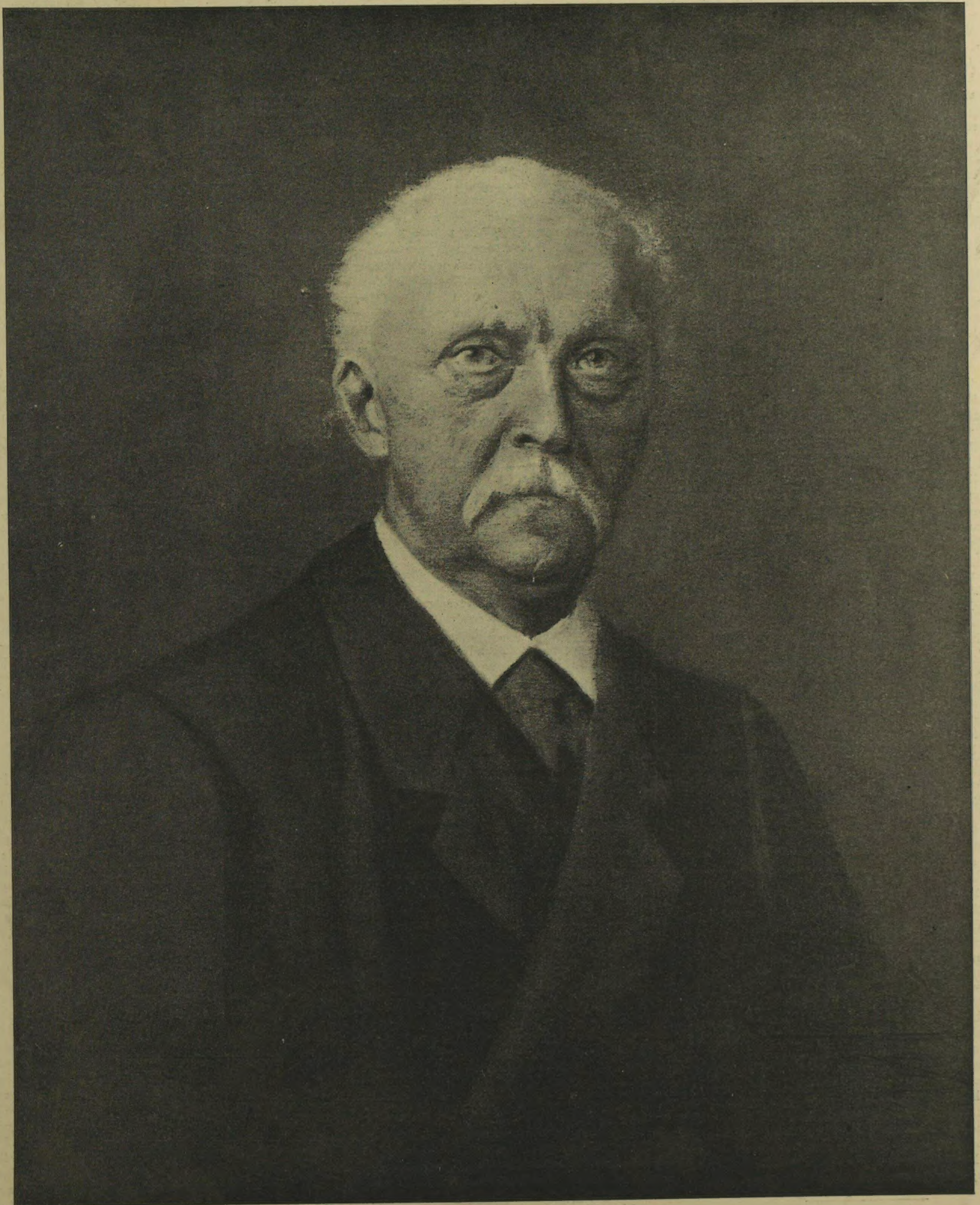
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE LATE PROFESSOR HERMANN LUDWIG FERDINAND VON HELMHOLTZ.  
FROM THE PICTURE BY HANS SCHADOW.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is not thought good manners to look a gift cask in the bung-hole, and it seems ungracious to question a matter the nature of which is avowedly philanthropic; still, the notion of providing an "envelope library" for invalids is not altogether free from the suspicion of literary egotism. The plan is, according to an American magazine, to "take ten envelopes and put either a short story, an essay, or an illustrated article in each. Rule off a space at the bottom in which to write the name of the author, tie the ten together with a dainty ribbon, and send them where they will do the most good. For use in hospitals these packages have proved very satisfactory. Many convalescents, and especially those never visited by friends, are pleased with them, and are relieved from the fatigue that accompanies the holding of a book or magazine." I should like to hear what the invalids—and especially such convalescents as have "a kick in them" and the strength to express their honest sentiments—think of the envelope literature. It is obviously manuscript, and only too likely manuscript that has failed to get into print. The "tying round with a dainty ribbon" belongs unmistakably to the amateur contributor. What has really happened, I fear, is that, instead of cultivating benevolence, these envelope authors have been casting about for readers, and are not ashamed to capture even the sick. The idea of supposing that the reading of manuscript is a cheerful and health-promoting employment is a little too audacious! I have known it reduce even a stout editor to very moderate dimensions. Next to getting into print, the desire of the rejected contributor is to be read; he has no hesitation in sitting up with a sick friend, and reading him a whole epic—providing only it is of his own composition. He carries about with him specimens of his genius, in prose and verse, to be produced upon the slightest encouragement. He belongs to a society for mental improvement, and listens with exemplary patience to the literary productions of its members, buoyed up by the reflection that in due time they will have to listen to him. But from what I know of him—and I know a good deal—I cannot believe in the benevolent intention of his "envelope literature."

A photographer, I read, has hit upon a novel plan for getting his clients to pay their debts. He devotes a large frame outside his establishment to the exhibition of their portraits, with the legend "Not yet paid for" underneath it; and this device he finds successful. For my part, though I have been "photographed like this and photographed like that" many times gratuitously, when the transaction was a matter of business the artist always insisted on having his money down. In no schedule of debts have I ever seen the item, "To a photographer." The artist in question must have been unusually trusting, or the neighbourhood exceptionally creditable. But what surprises me is that his plan succeeded. "The frame," we are told, "was almost emptied before it had been up a single day." Perhaps his customers did not belong to the "upper ten," and entertained more vulgar views of honesty, for even in the most fashionable clubs it is certain that notices of "Not yet paid" would have had no effect whatever. It is quite curious to read, as the year goes on, the long list of members who have not paid their subscriptions at the time they were due. Millionaires and members of Parliament are on the list, but they are not ashamed, for they are in very good company; peers and Cabinet Ministers are in the same condemnation with them, and behold themselves thus publicly "posted" without a blush. The custom is most remarkable and difficult to explain; for though some of these defaulters may defer their payments upon business grounds to the last moment, and others may not have the necessary funds, these reasons do not account for half the catalogue. If it were only a habit of recent years it might be thought that it was a device to keep in the fashion—for it is certainly the correct thing in these days to be in want of money: it has something if not positively ducal about it, yet connected with large Irish estates—but to be pilloried at one's club for not paying one's subscription at the proper time is an occurrence of very long standing.

Unromantic as the subject would appear, there are dramatic incidents about even a club subscription-list. Many a man, fallen on evil days and sunk in the deep vale of years, has thought he has bidden adieu for ever to his "palace in Pall Mall," through sheer lack of means to remain there, and yet it has not been so. His subscription, he never knew by whom, has been paid for him. There are angels who do good by stealth even in club-land. A more successful act of charity it is difficult to imagine, since it retains for its object—just what his poverty would have lost him—pleasurable occupation and the society of his friends; a large return indeed for a ten-pound note.

In *Lippincott's Magazine* there is some interesting information respecting the American would-be contributor. He has a strong family resemblance to his English cousin, but in one respect is not so great a terror to editors: almost all his manuscripts are type-written, or "typescript," as it

is called in the United States. The chances are—and let our own fellow-countrymen lay it to heart—two to one in favour of a typescript being accepted as against a manuscript. After all, editors are but mortal men, and have only the ordinary amount of patience. If literary aspirants will not "go three or four shillings" on their own productions, it is reasonable to suppose that they have not much confidence in their merits. In other respects, the American contributor is at least as audacious as he of native growth: "I send a sketch. If you will read it twice I think you will accept and publish it, provided you are a man of taste." Think of reading a manuscript twice, which has to be rejected after all! The brain of an editor of a popular periodical would under these circumstances soon become like a poached egg. "Please give me a regular engagement and assign subjects. I can send in something every month." No doubt, and every week if this gentleman were given the chance. How amazing it is that any person who has the intelligence to put words together should conceive that such a proposition could be entertained! "Kindly inform me if you pay for poetry, and also your rates for good prose. Do you take articles discussing Shakspeare and other standard works?" The latter question is probably only thrown in as a cover to the former, for it is difficult to understand how that should seem otherwise than an impertinence. When a manuscript is accepted, one can fancy the rate of pay becoming a legitimate object of inquiry, but why should the financial arrangements of a periodical be revealed to those who have no claim to know them beyond that of curiosity? Yet there is no question more frequently put. "When you returned my former story you said it was too long, and yet you send this back also, though it is just your size!" This is an example of the danger of an editor giving his reasons. "Your size" indeed! Here is an independent nature: "Take this or leave it. I don't want any of your polite regrets, nor your criticism either." Here, on the other hand, is a criticism by the author himself: "This whole story is entwined with a natural and charming love-romance of two couples. On page 97 is a master-scene, if one may say so. But I ask your attention especially to the —th chapter. Here, if you read what precedes, you will fairly roll in your chair. Nothing except the 'Comedy of Errors' to excel it—though by no means a servile imitation of Shakspeare's work. In Chapter II. appear two original anecdotes, which I fondly believe will capture the most insensible.—A. G." We are not told whether the editor rolled up the manuscript and sent it back, or kept it and "rolled in his chair"; but one can guess.

"He does not even give me a lick of the spoon," said a poor invalid to her Lady Bountiful with reference to certain jellies that had been sent to her, but which her husband had appropriated to his own use. This has hitherto seemed to me among the most modest of expectations; but the other day the record was beaten at Bow Street. It was a curious case, and on the first blush seemed to be altogether in favour of the accused. This lady had been charged with disorderly conduct for asking a chemist for "a sniff out of a bottle." This does not seem to have been an unreasonable demand in the way of expense, and especially if made, as alleged, by "a customer of forty years' standing." It seems, however, that this last statement only involved the fact that forty years ago she had bought something at his establishment—perhaps an ounce of lozenges. The proprietor, however, had forgotten the circumstance, and when asked for a sniff out of a bottle—presumably smelling-salts—by an apparent stranger, had observed that he did not supply articles of that airy nature. As in the case of that rasher of bacon the enjoyment of which by the Jew was interrupted by the thunderstorm, it seems "a small thing to make such a fash about"; but, on the other hand, it would be a considerable interference with the chemical business if everyone could get "a sniff out of a bottle" for the asking. The patronage of the public extended to Sol Gills was, I think, confined to persons looking in to ask the time, but this gratuitous sniffing is a still more delicate compliment to commerce.

How brief is fame, even with those of whom it is written *Litera scripta manet*! What a fleeting breath in the case of the actor! and how much shorter still in that of those who have given us the poetry of motion! Who remembers Charlotte, or even Taglioni? Yet the latter lived to be an old woman, and to the very last gave lessons in dancing. This she need not have done had she not been too proud to accept the help of her sometime rival, who departed this life only the other day. Mrs. Lyne Stephens, formerly Mademoiselle Du Vernay, was the most fortunate, as well, perhaps, as the most deserving, of all her trade. Her character was irreproachable, and her husband, one of the richest of the gillyouth of England, adored her, and left her an enormous income. Her name was a synonym for generosity. On her coming into her inheritance, I am told that she caused inquiries to be made as to such persons as had been disappointed by the contents of her husband's will, and if they were in want, and had claims, she satisfied them. It was one of her chief pleasures to assist young persons who were attached to one another, but had insufficient means to accomplish their object, by the most splendid benefactions.

To the ordinary mind, the sums said to have been expended seem like that in the farce: "There is ten thousand pounds, my dear, upon the mantelpiece, and it is yours." Her views were large, as the poor of Paris, where she had a splendid mansion, had cause to know. The sum she spent upon the Catholic Cathedral at Cambridge is said to have been more than £100,000. Few women have been so munificent, fewer still have had a stranger career—a ballet-dancer in youth, and for the rest of her life a good fairy. It has been said of her sex that happy are the members of it who have no history; but in this case no record has leapt to light of which she needs to be ashamed. Still, it is amazing that this gracious lady, who has only just departed from us, should have been the same with her who held her own with Taglioni at Her Majesty's Theatre no less than sixty years ago! Are there ten men alive who remember the famous "shawl dance" and who danced it?

A sea stowaway is a person who, above all travellers, is to be pitied. He is generally sick for home and also seasick. He has worse accommodation than anyone else on board, and even that is grudging him. His best chance, so far as freedom from detection is concerned, is to be taken for a ghost, when he is left severely alone by his enemies in the fore-castle; but, on the other hand, whatever provision he consumes derogates from his spiritual character and awakens suspicion. If he is found he is treated with great brutality, and if he is lost no one misses him. The land stowaway is less to be commiserated, but neither is his lot a happy one. A wretched young Frenchman who concealed himself in a luggage train the other day passed four days and nights without food, water, or light, and found himself at last hundreds of miles from his destination. A similar adventure, though not of so serious a kind, once befell a young gentleman of my own acquaintance. He was at some school near Swindon, and naturally desirous to rejoin his friends in London, but he had no money to buy a railway-ticket. He went to the station and crept under the seat of a first-class coupé, like poor Mr. Bultitude in "Vice Versa." He had the happiness to travel with a newly married couple, who, unconscious of his presence, exhibited much affection for one another, to his great amusement. But no sense of humour can sustain a boy for an hour and a half when he himself is married to the "scavenger's daughter," to which his cramped position was very nearly allied. By the time he got to Paddington he saw—or, rather, heard—nothing to laugh at in the endearments of his fellow-travellers. Before he could get out without observation, that particular carriage was put on a turn-table and sent back to Swindon, where he arrived too late for a poor dinner but in plenty of time for a good flogging. One misdemeanour that boy told me he never afterwards committed so long as he lived—though I happen to know he committed a good many—and that was to travel in a railway-carriage under the rose; that is, under the seat. He had had enough of being a stowaway.

A Scotch gentleman, writing in a literary periodical, is greatly shocked at the prevalence of fiction in the public libraries. He is not a novel-reader himself, and cannot understand the attraction of works of the imagination. If it were whisky, the temptation would be clear enough, but this preference puzzles him. He is in a position to state that while public libraries are content with one copy of an informing volume, "when it comes to a sensational novel, they order copies by the dozen." This, he considers, is most deplorable, and demands that the libraries should themselves initiate a reform by reversing the process. "Would it not be possible," he asks, "to try the experiment of getting half-a-dozen copies of a non-fictional work, and only one copy of each of the novels chosen by the committee?" It seems to him "certain that if this were done, the issues of fiction would go down rapidly and in a legitimate way." I do not know what this gentleman means by non-fictional works, but if he flatters himself to make metaphysics popular by this means, he will be mistaken. The issues of fiction from that particular library would certainly be limited, but a public library is not like a public house, where if you can't get rum you put up with gin: rather than take the metaphysical article offered to him instead of the popular novel the readers would go empty away, and cease to patronise the library. You may take the lover of light literature to the informing book-shelf, but you can't make him read. And after all, why this fanatical objection to fiction? Numbers count for something, even in literature, and suppose the novel-readers should say to the public libraries: "Take away your one volume of metaphysics and give us a story-book instead?" This would be a tyrannical proceeding, but would not be so ridiculous as if it were put in practice by a small minority. Walking with a friend one day along the Edgware Road I came upon a man leading a horse, prancing and perspiring, and with the relics of a couple of gig-shafts huddled up with his broken harness. There had evidently been a battle royal in which the animal had got the better of the vehicle. "That horse," observed my friend, "should be led and not drove." And this is the case with the Public Taste; it is difficult to lead it, but it is impossible to drive it.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE LATE PROFESSOR VON HELMHOLTZ.

Europe and all the world of learning in physical science, also in some particular inquiries belonging to physiology and to mental operations, must equally with Germany regard the decease of this eminent man, Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Berlin, as the extinguishing of a bright intellectual lamp. To enumerate all the subjects which Helmholtz has investigated and helped to bring within reach of more satisfactory explanation would be a task that cannot here be attempted. The conservation and convertibility of physical forces alone is a doctrine that leads far into researches of the causes of phenomena ascribed formerly to the separate domains of several different branches of science. Among the most interesting topics which engaged the studies of this comprehensive philosophic mind were those regarding the optic and the acoustic sense-perceptions, the relations between external modifications of light or of atmospheric commotion and the eye, the ear, the nerves, and the brain. His work on "Sensations of Tone" may become a text-book for analytical discussions of the grounds of pleasure

opened by Princess Louise, on the first day, and on the Wednesday by the Marquis of Lorne. The Queen came twice on each day, inspected every stall, and made numerous purchases. Two sewed baskets, the work of her Majesty's own hands, were on sale at the Balmoral stall; one was put up to raffle, the other was bought by Lady Coleridge Kennard. There were contributions also from the Princess of Wales, the Empress Frederick, the Duchess of York, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Albany, the Duchess of Connaught, Princess Leiningen, Princess Maud of Wales, Princess Victoria of Wales, Princess Alexandra of Coburg, and Princess Christian. The bazaar drew numbers of visitors, for whose accommodation special trains were run to Ballater by the Great North of Scotland Railway. Among them was Sir Frederick Leighton, who was presented to the Queen. The band of the 92nd (Gordon) Highlanders played at intervals. We present illustrations of the bazaar at Balmoral and of the yearly Highland Gathering for athletic sports at Braemar, which has frequently been described, and at which the Queen has often been present.

## THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

Two of our great provincial cities, Birmingham and Liverpool, were favoured, the first on Saturday, Sept. 8,

Royal Highness laid the foundation-stone, using a trowel, mallet, plumb-weight, and level, of beautiful artistic design, which were presented to him. One of the wards of this hospital is to be named "the Princess May Ward," in honour of the Duchess of York.

At Liverpool, on the Monday, the Duke and Duchess, arriving by railway about one o'clock, were conducted in state carriages to Victoria Street, to lay the foundation-stone of the new Post Office. Their Royal Highnesses were met at Lime Street Station by Lord Sefton, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Alderman W. B. Bowring, and the Lady Mayoress. The building, which will cost £250,000, is designed by Mr. Henry Tanner, architect of her Majesty's Board of Works, to the order of the Postmaster-General, the Right Hon. Arnold Morley, and of the Right Hon. Herbert Gladstone, First Commissioner of Works. The Postmaster of Liverpool, Mr. Rich, was presented, with the architect, to his Royal Highness, who performed the usual ceremonial act. The royal visitors, with some company, were entertained at the Town Hall with luncheon, and received an address from the Corporation, after which Mr. R. D. Holt, late Lord Mayor, presented the wedding gift subscribed for by the people of Liverpool. It consists of a service of solid silver plate weighing nearly 2000 oz., comprising seven pieces. The centrepiece, an elaborately



Photo by Richard Brown, Bold Street, Liverpool.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT LIVERPOOL: LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW GENERAL POST OFFICE.

in music, for instance, which are scarcely likely to improve the practice of the composer's or of the performer's art, but which may render the criticism of its merits rather more intelligible; and so with other matters of fine art. This, however, is but a vague and remote conjecture. Helmholtz, born at Potsdam in 1821, half English by parentage, his mother being one of the Penn family, was educated as an army surgeon, but has been an academical teacher since the age of twenty-seven. He was raised to the rank of nobles twelve years ago by the German Emperor, and was thenceforth styled "Von Helmholtz," which is a feudal title that can never seem becoming for a man of science or of letters. Nobody, even in Germany, ever mentions "Von Goethe."

## THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY AT BALMORAL.

The present sojourn of her Majesty, with other members of the royal family, at her Scottish Highland residence has already been enlivened with local public incidents of an agreeable kind. In aid of the fund for rebuilding the parish church of Crathie, at a cost of £6000, to which the Queen has subscribed £500, a bazaar was held, on Tuesday, Sept. 4, and the next day, under marquees erected in the Statue Park near the Castle at Balmoral. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Albany, Princesses Ena of Battenberg and Victoria Patricia and Margaret of Connaught, and ten other ladies, one the wife of Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld, a donor of £500, were stall-keepers in this bazaar. It was

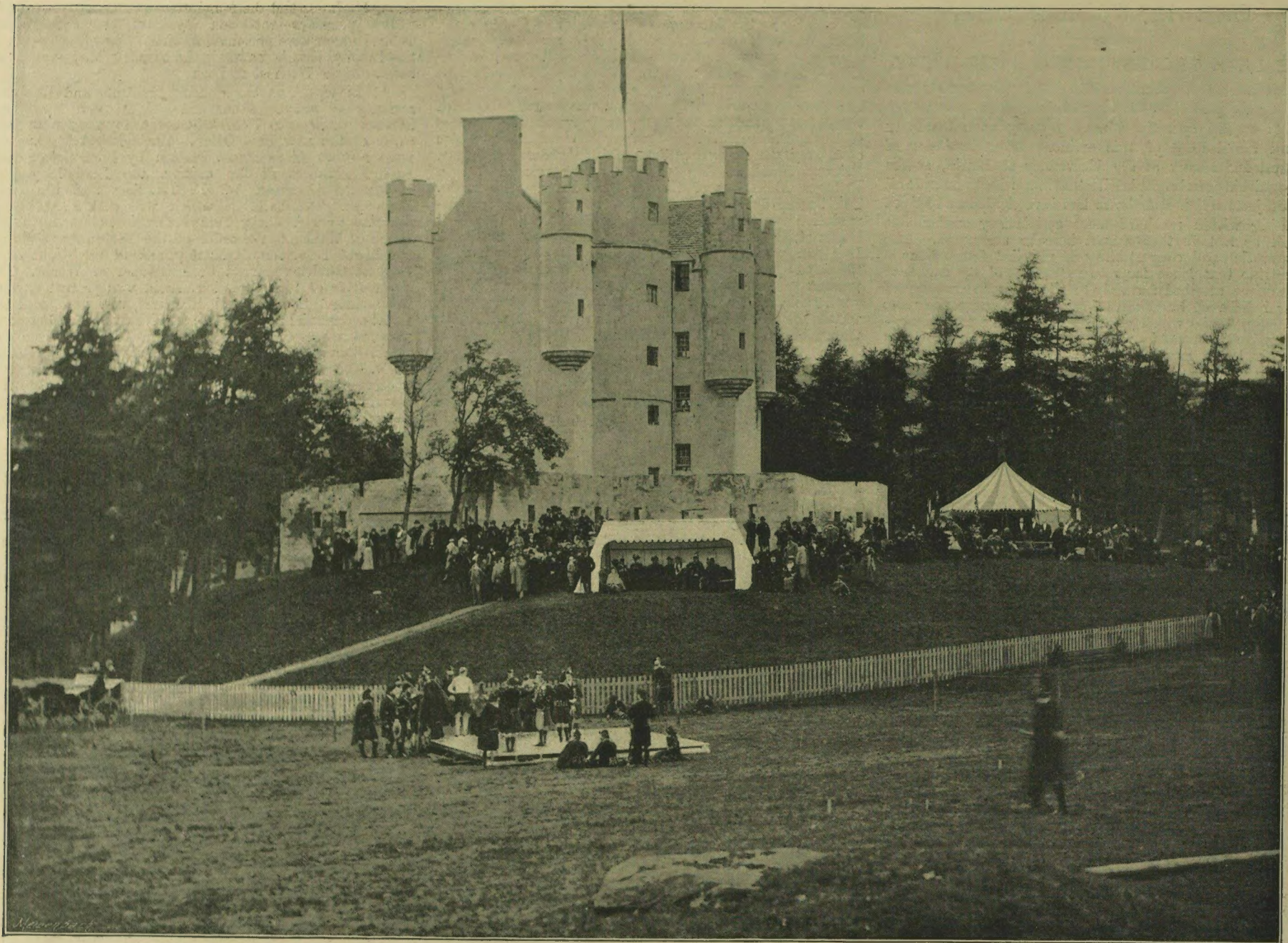
the latter on Monday, Sept. 10, with the presence of the Duke and Duchess of York, upon occasions of local importance. At Birmingham, while their Royal Highnesses were the guests of Lord and Lady Newport, as mentioned in our last, there was the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the New General Hospital building. Its site, comprising nearly four acres, has frontages to St. Mary's Square and Steelhouse Lane, not far from the Law Courts, the County Court, and Corporation Street. The architect, Mr. W. Henman, has designed an imposing edifice, in the modern Gothic style, to be constructed of red brick and terra-cotta, and to provide the most improved hospital accommodation, with every sanitary requirement, at a cost of more than £200,000, of which £50,000 is yet to be raised. The Duke and Duchess of York were met by Lord Leigh, the Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, the Mayor of Birmingham, Alderman Johnson, and the Mayoress, at the Town Hall, with a numerous assembly, including the Earl and Countess of Dartmouth, the Marquis and Marchioness of Hertford, Lord Wrottesley, Lady Aylesford, and the Bishop of Worcester. An address from the City Council was here presented, and their Royal Highnesses and a large party were entertained with luncheon at the adjacent Council-house. After visiting the City Museum and Art Gallery, they went to the site of the proposed hospital building, where they entered a pavilion, and were received by the Earl of Dartmouth, president, with Mr. J. C. Holder, chairman of the building committee, and Mr. Walter Fisher, honorary secretary, read an address, to which the Duke of York replied. His

designed jardinière, is semi-nautical in character, the pedestal supported by four winged horses and surmounted by figures of Neptune and youthful Tritons. There are two candelabra and four side bowls. The Duke having thanked the Lord Mayor and inhabitants of Liverpool, their Royal Highnesses went to Newsham House, where they remained for the night. On Tuesday morning they enjoyed a steam-boat trip on the Mersey, after which the Duke of York returned to London, while the Duchess of York went on to Scotland.

## THE FOREST FIRES IN AMERICA.

It is not easy for the untravelled reader to conceive of the situation of people surrounded on every side by large territories densely covered with pine-forests, when the trees are burning, and the conflagration is spreading at the rate of many miles an hour, scarcely needing the aid of a strong wind, so that one cannot see safely in any direction. The recent accounts of such terrible disaster in North America, in the States of Wisconsin and Minnesota, more especially towards the south-western extremity of Lake Superior, and further westward to the Upper Mississippi, have not only excited our compassion, but have over-taxed imagination to fancy those dreadful scenes. The incident of a railway train passing along a line where the woods on both sides were on fire, racing with flames, to save the lives of its passengers, till they reach a swamp comparatively clear of high trees, is one that has actually been reported a few days ago.





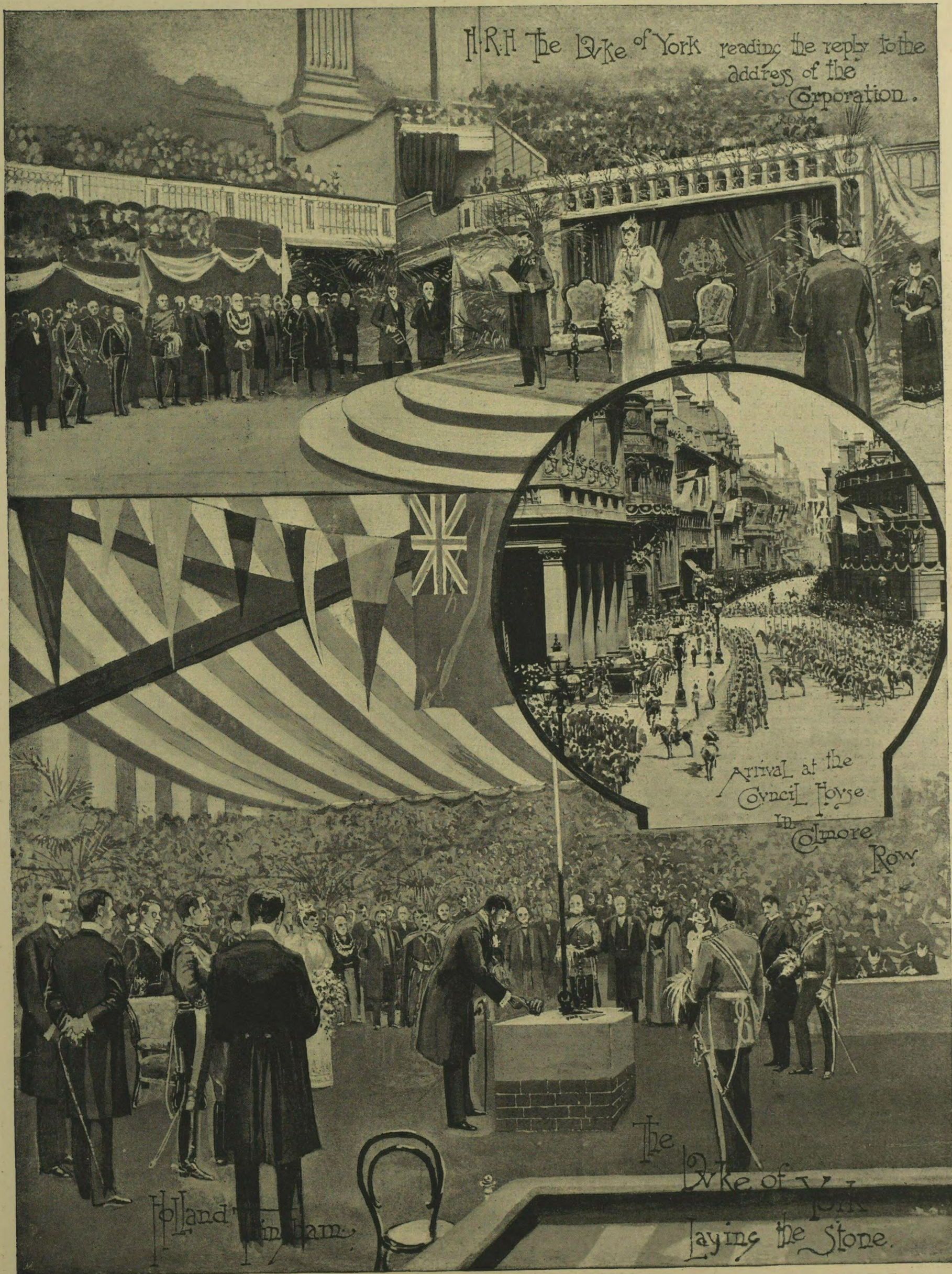
THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: THE QUEEN IN THE ROYAL PAVILION.



THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: WATCHING THE SPORTS.

*From Photographs by R. Milne, Ballater*





THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT BIRMINGHAM.



## PERSONAL.

One of the most accomplished and distinguished followers of Sir William Hamilton in the modern Scottish

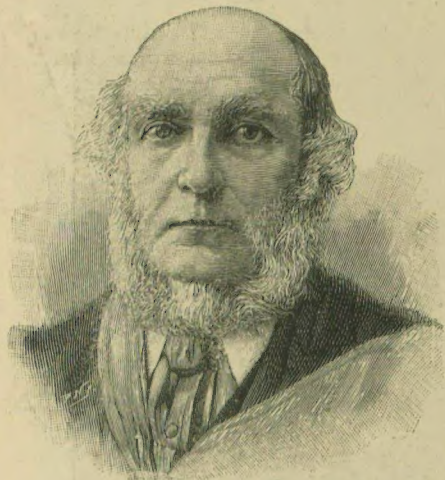


Photo by T. and R. Annan and Sons, Glasgow.  
THE LATE PROFESSOR JOHN VEITCH, LL.D.

school of mental philosophy was the late Professor of Logic and Rhetoric at the University of Glasgow. Dr. John Veitch, who died a few days ago at Peebles, his native town, at the age of sixty-five, was educated at Edinburgh University, became a Professor at St. Andrews in 1860, and four years later was transferred to Glasgow. Whatever be the value or stability of the system of metaphysics which he assisted in handing down to those who can receive it in the present generation, his other literary and critical performances showed, like those of several contemporary scholars and writers, that it is a method of thinking highly favourable to the cultivation of fine taste and of poetic sensibility, and to a pure and lofty strain of ethical contemplation. Besides commentaries on Descartes, memoirs of Sir William Hamilton, and a share, with Dean Mansel, in editing the lectures of that learned metaphysician, Professor Veitch was author, ten years ago, of "Institutes of Logic"; but his essays on Scottish poetry, on the emotional effect of natural scenery, and on the religiousness of Wordsworth, are much more widely appreciated. If those capacities of sentiment, their origin, or their expression, could be analysed by the psychologist, here was an inquirer disposed and well equipped for the task.

Mr. Gladstone, whose sight, we are glad to say, is greatly improved, is not only an expert theologian himself, but is anxious to be the cause of theological expertness in others. It is proposed that clergymen and divinity students shall be received in a "retreat" at Hawarden, where they will have access to Mr. Gladstone's library of religious books. These are to be put under a special trust, administered for the benefit of the students. In after years it may become the custom for the young champion of the Church to make a pilgrimage to Hawarden and gird on the harness of theological knowledge. Mr. Gladstone is at present busy with the contributions which he intends to make to a new edition of Sir William Palmer's defence of the Church of England against the criticism of Rome.

A simple-minded parson has revived the old story of Louise Lateau, which, he says, has never been explained on scientific principles. Rather more than twenty years ago this girl was the puzzle of the medical faculty. She had on her hands and feet the sacred stigmata, which bled every Friday. Doctors declared that there was no fraud, and the gentleman who tells the story over again evidently thinks that no natural explanation of the phenomenon has been given. If he will read Professor Albert Mohl's work on hypnotism, he will find that the most ordinary experiments, conducted by the late Doctor Charcot and others, produced marvels quite as striking as Louise Lateau's stigmata. Professor Mohl is of opinion that the wounds on the girl's hands and feet were the result of auto-suggestion, or self-hypnotism, brought about by intense concentration of the mind. Charcot illustrated this by throwing a woman into a hypnotic trance, touching her forehead with some blunt object (say a ten-centime piece), and telling her that she was badly burnt on that spot. In a few moments the scar of a burn appeared. This is not a whit less extraordinary than the performances of Louise Lateau, and it is a certified experiment.

Mr. George Houston Reid, who has succeeded Sir George Dibbs as Premier of New South Wales, is the son



Photo by Kerry, Sydney.  
THE HON. G. H. REID, PREMIER OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

of a Scotch Presbyterian minister, and was born at Johnstone, Renfrewshire, in 1845. He was taken to Australia by his parents at the age of seven, and in 1864 he entered the Civil Service of New South Wales, which he quitted ten years later for the legal profession. He entered the colonial Parliament in 1880 as

one of the representatives of Sydney, and in 1891 he was leader of the Opposition in succession to Sir Henry Parkes. Mr. Reid is a strong Free Trader, a brilliant debater, and an able lawyer.

received yet one more addition within the last few days. The Rev. Edmund Alexander Fitch had just come home from East Africa on a well-earned furlough when he was seized with an attack of African fever, to which he succumbed on Sept. 3. Mr. Fitch belonged to a family which has long been identified with the work of the Church Missionary Society. His father has been Vicar of Cromer since 1852, and it speaks much for the interest taken in foreign missions by the residents in that fashionable seaside town that nearly £500 was raised in the parish for that purpose last year. Great sympathy is felt with the Vicar of Cromer at the present time. It is only two or three years since that his daughter died in East Africa, and now his son has sacrificed his life in the same cause. The late Rev. E. A. Fitch had been connected with Africa since 1884, in which year he went out with the late Bishop Hannington. In 1885 he was appointed to take charge of the work at Mochi, and afterwards he proceeded to Freretown. Having served five years in the field, he came home for a short rest, and on his return to East Africa in 1890 he was appointed to Rabai. The people are for the most part freed slaves, and Mr. Fitch ministered to them with great success. It was interesting to watch them at divine service; they were not always acquainted perfectly with the language, and at times their responses more resembled a roar than anything else, so anxious were they to bear their part in the service. Mr. Fitch was exceedingly popular with them, and his early morning services, his Bible classes of various grades, and other agencies of a pastoral character, were very successful. The school work at Rabai has always been a good feature of the mission, and in December 1892, Miss Clowes, who had had charge of the girls' school, became Mrs. Fitch. The deceased missionary was a graduate of Cambridge. He held a curacy at Lowestoft for a short time after his ordination; but his whole life was dedicated to foreign missionary work, and it cannot be doubted that if he had lived he would have been chosen for a post of greater dignity and more responsibility. As it is, at the age of thirty-four he has laid down his life—like many other heroes before him—in the cause of the Christianisation of Darkest Africa.

The death of Mrs. Webster, which occurred at Kew on Sept. 5, not only removes a leading voice from the choir



Photo by Ferrando, Rome.  
THE LATE MRS. AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

of women-poets, but also a social reformer whose useful labours were of much value. She was the daughter of the late Vice-Admiral George Davies, and was born at Poole in 1840. Augusta Davies married in 1863 Mr. Thomas Webster, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Her first literary effort was "Blanche Lisle and other Poems," published under the pseudonym of "Cecil Home" in 1860. Four years later she essayed blank verse in the story of "Lilian Gray," and fiction under the title of "Lesley's Guardians." Her firm belief in the destiny and duties of woman next found expression in "Dramatic Studies." Of these studies a remarkable example of Augusta Webster's precocity and power is "The Snow Waste," written (as Mr. Mackenzie Bell tells us) at the age of nineteen, after a sleepless night. Her "Portraits," published in 1870, though unattractive in form, have evidence of the great sympathy which led Mrs. Webster to devote six years to work on the London School Board. Her dramatic instinct showed itself in "The Auspicious Day," "Disguises," and scholarly translations of the "Medea" and "Prometheus Vincit." She also employed her pen in excellent articles contributed to the now defunct *Examiner*—the literary tomb of much admirable work. Other volumes by Mrs. Webster were "Yupé-Ya's Lute," "In a Day," and "The Sentence," a drama published in 1887. Her poetry was tinged by the drama, strengthened with intense sympathy—a pillar of power, as it were, adorned with lily-work.

Lord Rosebery has a short way of becoming the Burgess of a Scotch town. He was invited to receive the freedom of Dingwall, and he took it while his train was waiting at the platform of the station. Never was such a ceremony conducted with so much neatness and dispatch. It used to be suggested that at the railway stations of certain American towns there should be an inscription: "Ten minutes for refreshment and divorce." Dingwall might inscribe its station with: "Burgesses made here while the train waits." Lord Rosebery was so anxious, indeed, to be expeditious, that he ended his little speech with an apology for interrupting the railway traffic with his thanks.

What is simple living? An earnest lady, Mrs. Warner Snoad, proposes to start a guild, the members of which are to "adopt a rational, if need be a puritanical, simplicity." This is very well, but a guild would demand a fixed standard, and who is going to fix this to the satisfaction even of the persons who are willing to enter such a combination? It may be taken for granted that people who want to live simply, contrive to do so, and no two canons of what constitutes simple living will ever be found to agree. Mr. Keir Hardie goes further than Mrs. Warner Snoad. His idea of a simple life is for the entire population to possess everything in common under a religious sanction. Mr. Hardie, who is beginning to add theology to his accomplishments, holds that Christianity and

Socialism are convertible terms. The early Christians had everything in common. Therefore, private property is inconsistent with the Christian religion. This is the simple reasoning which Mr. Hardie wishes to impose on politicians as a religious test.

The long career of naval service, begun sixty-two years ago, in which Admiral Sir Edward Augustus Inglefield gained high professional reputation, was associated not only with a fair share of experiences in maritime warfare, from the capture of Acre and Sidon to that of Sebastopol, but also with several expeditions to the Arctic regions—in search of Sir John Franklin, and, at a later period, to relieve Sir Edward Belcher—yielding to geographical science the actual knowledge of an ice-bound Polar Sea, and a North-West Passage that might be navigable. At any rate, he saved and brought home the officers and crews of several exploring vessels which had been abandoned in the ice. In the Black Sea, during the war with Russia, Captain Inglefield did a good deal, especially at Kinburn and at Odessa. He was second Admiral in command of the Channel Squadron in 1869, and of the Mediterranean squadron in 1872, and Commander-in-Chief on the West Indian and North American station in 1878, serving over five years as full Admiral. He wrote on nautical topics, and devised some useful improvements of steering mechanism.

The death of Mrs. Lyne-Stephens has revealed to most people the fact that this venerable lady was once Pauline Duvernay, the greatest rival of Taglioni. Pauline Duvernay came to England in 1833 and danced at Drury Lane. Four years later she married Mr. Lyne-Stephens, a Norfolk squire, whom she long survived. Her early story was forgotten, and few if any of her friends in later life knew that she was sixty years ago almost the greatest dancer in Europe. Mrs. Lyne-Stephens was well known for her benefactions, but it would have been more piquant to the world in general if we could have had her opinion of stage-dancing in its more modern development. Apparently all her interest in the stage died with her marriage.

A rather ridiculous controversy has arisen because the Lord Mayor of Liverpool requested the Rev. R. A. Armstrong, the well-known Unitarian minister, to ask grace at the banquet given to the Duke and Duchess of York. It has always been the prerogative of a Mayor to call upon the clergyman or minister of the denomination to which he belongs for such services, and Mr. Bowring was quite within his rights, despite the presence of the Bishop.

The Dutch have been celebrating an interesting and happy anniversary. Dr. Nicolaas Beets, most widely known

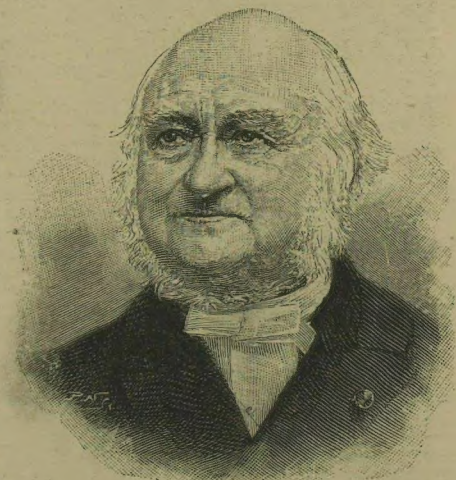


Photo by Lietze-Schumaker.  
DR. NICOLAAS BEETS ("HILDEBRAND"), OF UTRECHT.

as "Hildebrand" (his pseudonym in the "Camera Obscura"), was born at Haarlem on Sept. 13, 1814, so that he has just completed his eightieth year. The venerable author, the recipient of a nation's congratulations, lives in Utrecht, where he has spent his later working years—as minister of the Nederlandsch Hervormde Kerk and as Professor—as well as his years of retirement. Previously, he was settled at Heemstede, a village of North Holland, whither he went on completing his theological studies at the University of Leiden. Dr. Beets is known to his countrymen as an accomplished poet, a lecturer on literature (who has made them acquainted with many English authors), and a spirited preacher. Both in his own land and abroad, however, his name is associated chiefly with the "Camera Obscura." This work, a series of pictures of Dutch life characteristic in subject, distinguished in style, and gravely humorous in spirit, first appeared in 1839. In one and another of the many editions published subsequently it has been expanded to twice its original size; and in 1888 the author met the needs of the younger generation among his readers by writing "After Fifty Years," explanatory of points that had become dim with the passage of half a century. The "Camera Obscura" has been translated into half the languages of Europe. It has been said that in Holland it is not so popular now as it was once; it would be more true to say that it has ceased to be a fashion, and has become a classic.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral Castle, is accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with the children, Princess Ena of Battenberg and Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught. Princess Louise, with the Marquis of Lorne, left Balmoral on Monday, Sept. 10. The Prince of Wales leaves Homburg, returning to London, while the Princess of Wales returns from Copenhagen. The Duke of York, on Tuesday, Sept. 11, returned from Liverpool, to attend next day the funeral of the late Comte de Paris, after which he joins the Duchess of York in Scotland. Princess Henry of Prussia has gone to visit the Queen at Balmoral.

The mortal remains of his Royal Highness the Comte de Paris, heir to the French throne, lay in state, on Tuesday afternoon, in the marble saloon of Stowe House, Buckingham, and were reverently viewed by large numbers of visitors. The body was inclosed in four coffins, the outer one being of mahogany, covered with black velvet, and adorned with white ornamental handles and nails. Three *fleurs de lis* are engraved upon the name plate, which bears the inscription: "Louis Philippe Albert d'Orléans, Comte de Paris, Chef de la Maison Royale de France; né à Paris le 24 Août, 1838; mort à Stowe le 8 Septembre, 1894." The coffin and bier were completely hidden with a violet velvet pall edged with silver. On the top lay the historical tricolour flag. Tall candlesticks with lighted candles were grouped at suitable distances round the coffin; and around the oval saloon had been arranged the magnificent floral tributes, alternately wreath, cross, and crown; the spaces between the columns were draped with violet silk. Some of the floral emblems were from the Royalist French societies; others were from "Carlos and Amelia, King and Queen of Portugal," the Infante of Portugal, Prince Ferdinand, the Duchesse de Luynes, Lord and Lady Rothschild, the Marquis and Marchioness of Hertford, Lord and Lady Halifax, the Duchess de Rochefoucauld, Madame Harcourt, the tradesmen of Buckingham, and many others. Many Royalist visitors from France arrived during the day, while in London a Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the deceased Prince was celebrated at the Church of Notre Dame de France, Leicester Square. In the centre of the interior, and facing the high altar, had been erected a catafalque, over which was placed a black pall with a broad white cross running down the entire length of the catafalque. On either side stood three large lighted candles. Mass was celebrated by Father Thomas, the deacon being Father Gay, and the sub-deacon Father Flommersfeld. Father Toysot acted as master of the ceremonies, and the solo parts in the musical portions of the service were taken by M. Pradal. The congregation was composed mainly of French residents in London, several Sisters of Mercy being present. The members of the family and the household of the deceased who participated in the last rites at Weybridge were the Duc d'Orléans, Prince Ferdinand, the Duc de Chartres, the Duc de Nemours, the Duc d'Aumale, Don Antonio d'Orléans, the Duc d'Alençon, the Duc de Penthièvre, Prince Emmanuel, and the Duc de Luynes. The Duke of Oporto, brother to the King of Portugal, has come to England for this funeral.

The Trades Unions' Congress, at Norwich, concluded its sittings on Saturday, Sept. 8; having decided on the "nationalisation" of land, mines, and minerals, and all means of production, distribution, and exchange; "security of tenure" to agricultural labourers; a law to make it a penal offence for any employer to bring extra labour into a locality; fixed rates of wages, and limitation of work to eight hours a day. Mr. S. Woods, M.P., was elected secretary of the Parliamentary Committee, his competitors

being Mr. Fenwick, M.P., late secretary, and Mr. Tom Mann. This congress has "denounced" the House of Lords. Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., a leading member of the congress, declared on Monday evening, at a meeting of the "Independent Labour Party," that the bottom of the party was Socialism, pure and simple, and they meant to fight ruthlessly onward. A resolution declaring the "collective ownership of all things essential to life" to be the only permanent solution of the labour problem was carried.

The Associated Chambers of Commerce opened its annual meeting on Tuesday, Sept. 11, at Huddersfield. The president, Sir Albert Rollit, stated that he thought the

## "THE QUEEN OF BRILLIANTS," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

Comic opera is surely not more out of place on the classic boards of the Lyceum than a promenade concert or a fancy dress ball at Covent Garden. To talk of "desecration" indeed, because Mr. Irving has let his house to Messrs. Abbey and Grau for a six-weeks season of comic opera, tends to show what an inferior level this class of entertainment is gradually falling to in the estimation of some people. Much more to the purpose would it be



Photo by R. Atine, Lamer.

THE CRATHIE CHURCH BAZAAR IN BALMORAL PARK: THE "BALMORAL" STALL.

prospects of trade, though variable, were on the whole improving. He noticed the relaxation of the United States tariff, and the more settled condition of South America, as compared with last year. Resolutions were passed urging a new commercial treaty with Spain, facilities for light railways in England, the construction of a railway to Uganda, railway extension in India, decimal weights and measures, and reforms of Parliamentary procedure.

The new buildings of the Mercers' Company's School, in Barnard's Inn, Holborn, were opened on Tuesday, Sept. 11, by the Earl of Selborne.

The Brighton Town Council has adopted the report of the Works Committee, by which it is proposed to spend nearly £50,000 on the sea front. The scheme, which is an extensive one, provides for increased protection of the shore from sea encroachments, an extension of the Madeira Road terrace to the Chain Pier, and the construction of a sea-wall, about a quarter of a mile in length, from near the Hove boundary to the West Pier.

A meeting has been held in Hackney Town Hall by the Association for Preventing the Immigration of Foreign Aliens. Two leading members of the London Branch of the Boot and Shoe Operatives' Society were the chief speakers for a resolution demanding that Government should do something to keep out foreign workmen, especially those from Russian and Austrian Poland. They were opposed by two foreign Jewish working men, but the resolution was carried by a large majority.

A meeting to protest against Sunday work on railways was held on the same Tuesday evening, Sept. 11, in London. Mr. Walter Hudson, of Darlington, president of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, in the chair. It condemned the "pernicious practice" of working on seven days in the week.

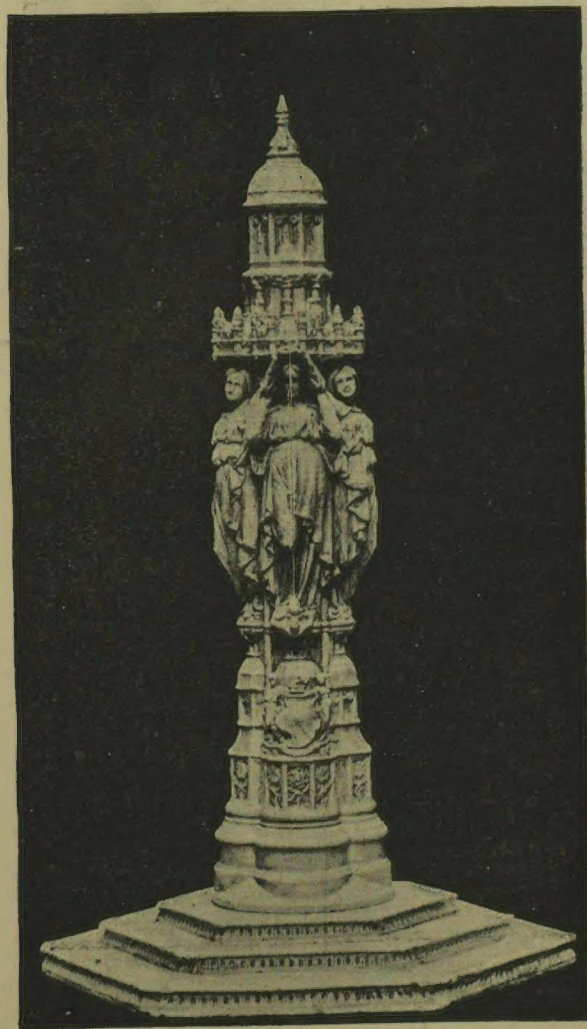
The French Government is about to enforce its "protectorate" and peremptory control of the Hova native kingdom of Madagascar by sending M. Le Myre de Vilers, the diplomatist lately employed in coercing Siam, backed by a military expedition of five thousand French troops, and by a naval squadron. It is demanded that all dealings of the Hova Government with foreign nations shall be conducted by a representative of the French Government, and that the finances of the kingdom, and its provincial administration, shall be controlled by French agents, while French military stations are to be established wherever the French think fit. If these terms be refused, a French army will march on Antananarivo, the capital city.

A terrible French railway collision, on Sunday, Sept. 9, at Apilly, between Noyau and Chauny, on the line from Paris to Liège and Cologne, killed twelve passengers and injured more than thirty besides.

The war between China and Japan has not this week been marked by any military actions of importance, as it is said the rains in Corea make it difficult for troops to move just now. The Chinese fleet is collected at the chief naval port, Wei-hai-wei, opposite Port Arthur, south and north, guarding the passage from the Yellow Sea into the Gulf of Pecheli. The Japanese fleet has made reconnaissance attacks on the ports and forts and islands along the northern coast. All the best of the Chinese troops have been sent to Corea, and the remainder of the army, in China, is said to be in a very undisciplined and inefficient condition. The King of Corea's Government has been compelled openly to take the side of Japan.

to express regret that Mr. Irving did not insert a clause in his agreement giving him censorial rights over the libretto of any comic opera that his tenants might produce. The public morals were safe enough in the hands of the Examiner of Plays, but the public intellect sadly needed the respectful consideration of the lessee of the Lyceum. In such case "The Queen of Brilliants" would not have been "passed" with its plot in the unwieldy shape and hopelessly involved condition in which it was allowed to unfold itself before a representative London audience on Saturday, Sept. 8. It had been adapted from the German by Mr. Brandon Thomas, who had thoughtfully provided a copious "argument," for the purpose, we imagine, of making the puzzle clear where his dialogue failed in that respect. Let us candidly confess that without the aid of the "argument" we should have understood nothing of the whole business. Still, the consequent impression was not satisfactory; the one or two good ideas in the story had evidently been wasted, and the conventional central motive dragged out to attenuation. The notion of a needy and bibulous Count, a "lineal descendant of Diocletian," having the privilege of adopting any number of sons and thereby conferring upon them his name and title, is by no means bad, but positively nothing is made of it. Again, humour might have been extracted from the scene at Madame Engelstein's Matrimonial Bureau in Vienna, but the sole approach to a funny incident is a quarrelling duet between a couple who are hired by the establishment to typify a model husband and wife, capably played by Mr. W. H. Denny and Miss Annie Meyers. In the character of Betta we find La Cigale over again, transformed from a fisher-maiden into a "Queen of Brilliants" (another name, apparently, for a Viennese circus "star"), after escaping from the walls of the convent "retreat" in which her enemies seek to detain her. Like her prototype, Betta is vouchsafed a vision during the occurrence of a large full-dress reception, and this is, pictorially speaking, one of the most interesting features in the production.

But, after all, the paramount fact in connection with the rôle of Betta is that it is undertaken by Miss Lillian Russell; that it enables her to appear in a series of picturesque dresses, and sing a quantity of more or less effective music. So far it serves its purpose thoroughly, and here no doubt we have the explanation of the circumstance that Messrs. Abbey and Grau should have thought it worth their while to spend several thousand pounds upon the mounting of such a moderate comic opera as "The Queen of Brilliants." For in America Miss Lillian Russell is a power to be reckoned with, and her present stay in London, be it remembered, is only to last six weeks. Give the popular artist a showy part and sumptuous spectacle, and she will defy the adverse influence of the weakest of librettos and the most unoriginal of composers. Thus argue the managers; nor is the result likely to upset their calculations. Miss Lillian Russell has improved immensely alike as a singer and an actress since she came to this country, a girl barely out of her teens. Her beauty has ripened, her voice has gathered strength in the higher register, and she sings now with sentiment and passion where before there was neither. In sooth, she is an artist whom it is a pleasure to listen to as well as to look at, and it is therefore more than likely that by the end of her six-weeks stay her popularity on this side will have grown to its Transatlantic proportions.



PLUMB WEIGHT USED BY AND PRESENTED TO THE DUKE OF YORK IN LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL AT BIRMINGHAM.  
J. Wentlock Rollins, Sculptor.





THE FOREST CONFLAGRATIONS IN AMERICA: A RAILWAY TRAIN RACING THE FIRE.



# REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE COMTE DE PARIS.

BY MRS. EMILY CRAWFORD.

Charlotte Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans, *née* Princess Palatine, said of her son, the Regent, that the fairies who were bidden to his christening heaped every imaginable gift upon him. He was to be clever, scientific, brave, captivating, handsome, wealthy, and for years to stand in lieu of his King as Regent. But a spiteful unbidden fairy entered just when all these endowments were granted and willed that nothing was to come of them all. There was something of this in the Comte de Paris, weird, though he was as virtuous in private life as his ancestor was dissolute. He was born to fortune, but not to luck. He was to have wealth, to be universally respected, to live in his mature age according to his tastes in noble country residences, half the year in the green pastures of Normandy or Buckinghamshire, and the other half in the sunny Andalusia, when the law that exiled him and his eldest son prevented him making his villa at Cannes his winter abode. But a desire that was to gnaw into his heart and corrode his life was never to be satisfied—that of reigning over France as King. At the age of ten, he was *de facto* King, for an hour or so, in the storm of Feb. 24, 1848. But no State paper was ever signed in his name. On the principle of once a King always a King, he might have claimed at foreign Courts the precedence due to him as

witnesses. The same evening Monseigneur Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, came, but with a bad grace, to administer half or water-baptism (*onduiment*) to Louis Philippe Albert. The title of Comte de Paris was given to the child in memory of the usurpation of Hugues Capet. It was agreed that the youthful Prince was to be baptised in state soon after. But his delicate health prevented the ceremony taking place until he was nearly three years old. He inherited his mother's frail constitution, and was reared with the utmost difficulty, living altogether on milk. It was supplied to him in Paris by a soldier of the Queen's Hussars, who, on quitting the army, set up a dairy farm on uplands near Pontoise. I know this person, who is now 102 years old, a member of the Legion of Honour, and hale and hearty. The Duke of Orleans provided him with a gig and two fast horses. He came into Paris twice a day with the milk, and brought it himself to the royal nursery. He was often allowed to sit down and talk to him; and the Duke and Duchess of Orleans used to call him "le père nourricier"—or foster-father—of the Comte de Paris. This "foster-father" was one of the few persons who was given a ticket for the state christening. He received it, with a gold watch, from the Duchess of Orleans herself. He is a man of some education, and preserves the bright clear mind of his younger years. According to what he says, the function was very grand, but not so grand as had been intended, Louis Philippe having received, a week previously, an anonymous letter

only to be restored to power, and to ask God not to favour ambitious feelings were it better for France that he should remain in private life. He remained in the sentiments she inculcated until 1871, when the Orleanists of the Assembly dangled a crown before his eyes. The temptation they held out was made irresistible by the prospect of winning back, by the vote of the Legitimist Deputies, the appanages of the Dukes of Orleans which Louis Napoleon equitably, though with a disregard for legal forms, had added to the national domain in 1852. The Comte de Paris secured the Legitimist vote by promising to submit himself humbly to the Comte de Chambord at Frohsdorf.

Shortly before the Comte de Chambord's death, I had a visit from the Comte de Paris, which lasted from eight in the morning until after twelve. The lunch bell was rung thrice—for I was staying at the house of friends near his winter residence—before he left. He spoke of himself as determined to do nothing until events told him to go forward. By events, he meant the Comte de Chambord's death. I could see that he was ambitious for his children to make royal alliances, and that he believed this could only happen through his succeeding in his claim to the inheritance of which his grandfather deprived the Comte de Chambord. There was then talk of exiling him. A Bill certain to pass had been prepared to proscribe him. The Comte de Paris, it was also clear to me, was full of hope, the void

M. Camille Dupuy.

Duchesse de Hajar. Duc de Vistahermosa.

Comte de Paris.



Comtesse de Paris.

Don José Luis de Alameda.

Queen Isabella of Spain.

Princesse Hélène d'Orléans.

THE ORLEANS FAMILY VISITED BY QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN.

From a Photograph by Byrne, Richmond.

Louis Philippe II., ex-King of the French. His mother, Helena of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Protestant Blanche of Castille of Orleans, wanted to place him on this footing, but she was overborne by his grandmother, Queen Marie Amélie, and M. Guizot, who plunged, on the death of Louis Philippe, into a fusionist intrigue. They hoped the Comte de Chambord, who had been eleven years married and was still childless, would adopt the Comte de Paris. They forgot that he stood on the rock of Legitimacy, and had no more right than themselves to set aside the law of heredity, in virtue of which his next heir was Don Henrico of Spain.

The Duchess Helena was wedded not only to Ferdinand Duke of Orleans, eldest son of Louis Philippe; but to all his ideas. Her husband, in his testament, enjoined her to bring up the Comte de Paris as a servant, and, if need be, the martyr, of the principles of the Revolution. He was to receive a modern education; to be taught few of the elegant arts vulgarly known as "accomplishments," to receive the instruction given in the State High Schools, particular attention to be paid to his scientific studies, and, if his public duties prevented him graduating at the Ecole Polytechnique, to pass at least the entrance examination.

The Comte de Paris' birth was invested with more state than any previous event of the monarchy of 1830. He was born on Aug. 24, 1838, at half-past three in the afternoon, in the Pavillon Marsan, at the Rue de Rivoli end of the Tuileries, where the Comte de Chambord drew his first breath eighteen years before. A hundred and one cannons announced that the infant was a boy. Comte Molé, "the gentleman Prime Minister," showed him to the Chancellor and many other personages, who were waiting in the next room to record the birth and serve as

containing merely two words, "Look out." He had been warned in the same terms and handwriting on the eve of the Fieschi, the Alibaud, and another attempt to assassinate him. The "père nourricier" brought his milk, as usual, on May Day, Louis Philippe's fête, when a grand levée was held at the Tuileries and on May 2, the day of the christening. He and his wife were allowed to kiss the hand of the Comte de Paris when he was dressed ready to go to Notre Dame, for which he was to start at half-past ten. "He was," said the centenarian, "a sweet child, calm, grave, candid, and had eyes the colour of the sky above." The Comte de Paris and his mother were dressed in white and in the same stuffs, but she blazed in diamonds and wore more lace.

The Duke of Orleans was fated to be, when the hopes of the Orleanist monarchy were brightest, dashed to death by a too mettlesome horse in his carriage running away. The whole Court was doomed to fall; never to rise again, with as much suddenness as the walls of Jericho. But if the Duchess of Orleans had not been driven from France Louis Philippe II. might have reigned in the room of his grandfather. The Comte de Paris was given a sword on the day of his christening by the Comte de Rambuteau, Prefect of the Seine, in the name of the metropolis. On it were the words "May you never use it." This motto was a bull—an unusual thing in France; but it was also a presage that came true. A sword was never raised nor a shot fired in the name of Louis Philippe II.

The Duchess of Orleans educated her two sons in England and Germany. She was ambitious for the Comte de Paris, but she besought him often to trust to God

made by Gambetta's death not being filled up. I told him he would never be King of France. He asked why. I said, "Because you cannot, like Gambetta, whenever you arrive in a provincial town step out on the balcony of your hotel and deliver a telling speech." This displeased him. I gave a part of the conversation to the *Daily News*. He did not object to my doing so until it was too late, for he was singularly irreligious as a public man. But what I did saved him in this way. The wife of the author of the Bill called on me to ask particulars about this conversation, what I had given in the *Daily News* having been telegraphed back to Paris. I said, "The Comte de Paris wants to be King; but he will die unsatisfied." "Why?" "He has no idea of what the French like in a Pretender, and will never take any bull by the horns. The French are *lâcheur* when they have not a daring man at their head. When they have, they are ready for anything. A more gentlemanly person never lived. But his distinction is only visible to intimate friends. If he feels many eyes upon him, he becomes awkward, not to say ungainly. The blue eyes lose their sweet honest look and express annoyance. He now hates Republicanism, and will not wear a false nose. The best course is not to make a martyr of him, but to let him stay quietly in France."

The Comte de Paris was more cosmopolitan than French, and knew so many languages that he did not speak any language well. His power of conversation was limited, and he did not state well his ideas in talking. He had no humour himself, but he had a keen relish for what was lively, humorous, or funny, and made a collection of all the caricatures of himself that he could find.



### THE D'ORLÉANS BRANCH OF THE BOURBON FAMILY.

Vain, enamoured of his own person, disliking all bodily exercise, fond of pleasure, a desperate gambler and a spendthrift; such, according to the historians, was the brother of Louis XIV. and the founder of the d'Orléans branch of the Bourbons. There is no reason to gainsay the general opinion, confirmed as it is by independent private testimony like that of Madame de Sévigné, who, in one of her letters tells us that Philippe d'Orléans had been compelled to pledge his jewels to pay his gambling debts. Allowing for the times, however, he was probably not worse than the majority of those surrounding the throne of Louis XIV. in the early part of that much overrated monarch's reign. Those who have read their history aright must inevitably come to the conclusion that the example of his elder brother was scarcely calculated to inspire him, the younger, for good; nor did his marriage with Henrietta, the daughter of Charles I. of England, produce a change in his habits. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the sister of Charles II. had the slightest affection for her husband; on the other hand, Philippe d'Orléans seems to have been inordinately jealous of her, which would lead one to believe that he, at any rate, had conceived an affection for her. But in these

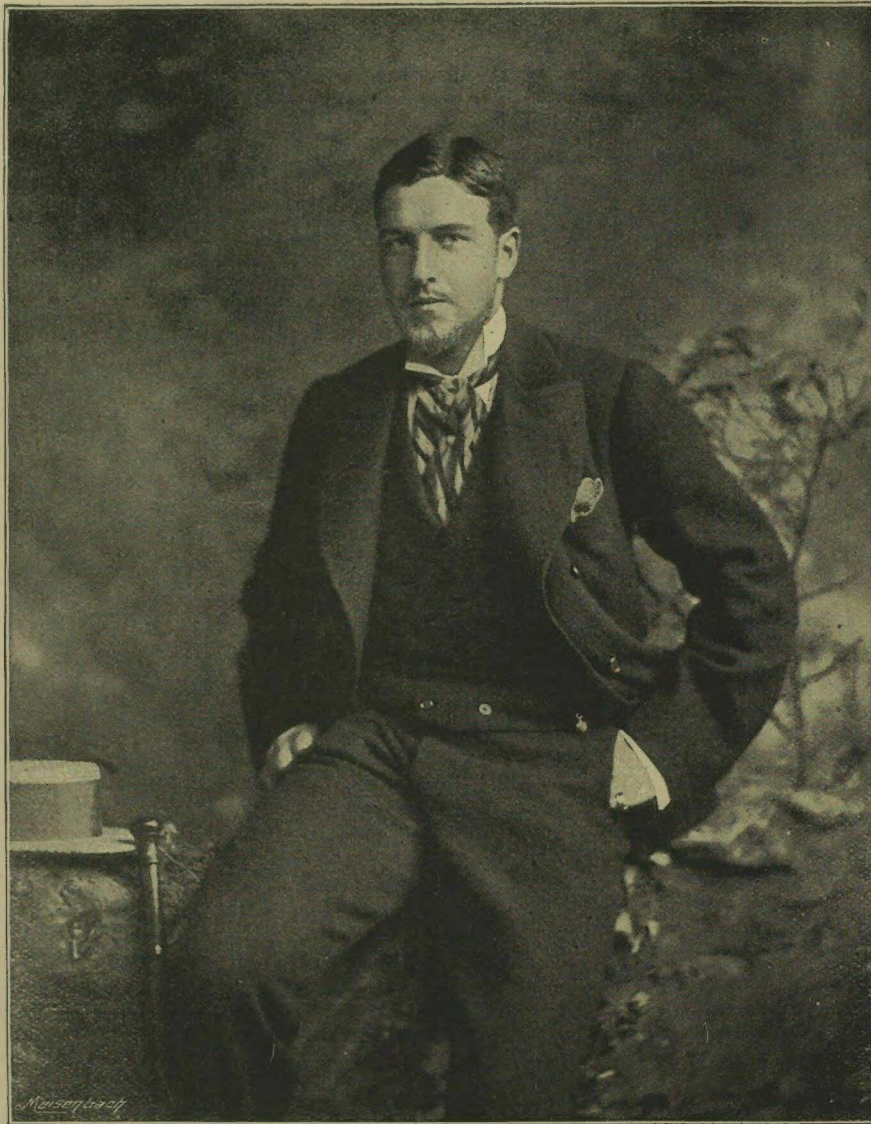
genius, a third beauty. The malignant elf who had been uninvited came last, and, unable to reverse what her sisters had done for their favourite, mixed up a curse with every blessing. We who do not write fables, but sober prose, have no hesitation to say that the malignant elf was the Cardinal Dubois, who succeeded to five tutors that had conceived a high moral perception of their duty. Dubois, there is no doubt, undid the good the others had done; he exercised a baneful influence on the character of young Philippe, who was naturally intelligent, moreover, very active, and who accomplished pretty well everything he undertook with very little effort on his part. He began his military career when he was barely seventeen at the siege of Mons (1691), and acquitted himself more than creditably under the very eyes of his uncle (Louis XIV.), who, on his return from that expedition, made him marry his illegitimate daughter by Madame de Montespan. Mdle. de Blois was almost as handsome as her mother, but far less sprightly. She was grave and reserved to a degree. That gravity and reserve sprang, however, from inveterate indolence and indifference to any and everything. Previous to her marriage Madame de Caylus told her that Philippe was very fond of the Duchesse de Bourbonne—not to be confounded with the Duchesse de Bourbon. "I do not want him to love me; I only want him to marry me," replied Mdle. de Blois.

With such a wife, and with an uncle who after a while became jealous of his military fame, as he had become

died in his fiftieth year, having been a widower for nearly half that period.

His son, Louis Philippe d'Orléans, distinguished himself at an early age at Dettingen under Marshal de Noailles, and on his return married Marie Henriette de Bourbon-Conti, by whom he had two children: a son who was to become famous in history as Philippe Egalité, and a daughter who became a Duchesse de Bourbon. After the death of his first wife he contracted what we would call nowadays a morganatic marriage with Madame de Montesson, a clever, accomplished, and most charming woman. At the outbreak of the quarrels between Louis XV. and the various Parliaments, the noblesse compelled him, as it were, to put himself at their head, in order to make their opposition to the President Maupeou more effectual, but he had no taste for such agitation, and in a very little while became reconciled to the Court. He also died comparatively young, before he had reached his sixtieth year (1785), and was succeeded in the title by his son Louis Philippe Joseph.

It would have been well, perhaps, for the latter if, throughout, he had followed the example of his father, for in spite of his intelligence and accomplishments, one cannot help thinking that Louis Philippe Joseph's systematic opposition to the Court was prompted by other motives than that of the welfare of the nation. I do not wish to imply for one moment that the grievances of the lower and lower-middle classes were not worth redressing, but



THE DUC D'ORLÉANS, BORN 1869, AND PRINCESSE HÉLÈNE D'ORLÉANS, BORN 1871.

SON AND DAUGHTER OF THE LATE COMTE DE PARIS.

From Photographs by Byrne, Richmond.

pages we are neither concerned with her nor with the four children she bore him. Nine years after her marriage Henrietta died, after an illness of a few days, and Philippe was strongly suspected of having poisoned her. There is no reason to suppose that the suspicion was founded upon anything more serious than his jealousy. In the course of the following year he contracted a second marriage with a princess who was in every respect a contrast to his first wife. Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, the Princess Palatine (as she was called), was by her own confession devoid of all feminine charms. She delighted in all manly exercise, and often dressed in men's clothes. But she was upright and honest to a degree, and it was perhaps owing to her promptings that Philippe forsook, for a time at least, his frivolous pursuits and joined the French army in the Netherlands (1672). He proved himself to be a skilful leader, and endowed with great personal courage. Unfortunately for him, the display of both these qualities aroused the jealousy of Louis XIV., who recalled him, and from that moment he relapsed into his old habits. He died in 1701 at the age of sixty. He had three children by his second wife: one died in its infancy, a son and a daughter survived; the latter of these two married Charles, Duke of Lorraine; the former is best known to posterity as the Regent of France during the minority of Louis the Fourteenth's great-grandson, Louis XV.

The pretty fable by which the Duchesse d'Orléans illustrated the character of her son, the Regent, is best known to English readers by the use Macaulay makes of it in his essay on "Moore's Life of Byron." According to the Princess Palatine, all the fairies, save one, had been bidden to her son's cradle. All the gossips had been profuse of their gifts. One had bestowed nobility, another

jealous of that of his brother, Philippe's father, it is not very surprising that Philippe sought refuge in dissipation, but in the beginning, at any rate, dissipation was not natural to him. Louis XIV. himself called his nephew "a sham libertine." That, perhaps, is the only instance of fairness on Louis the Fourteenth's part towards his nephew, whom he treated throughout with ill-disguised and unfounded spite, whom he had intended, until a short day before his death, to exclude from the Regency, whom he hampered in all his campaigns by secretly undermining his plans. One need not make one's self the apologist of Philippe's personal vices, or of the corruption of the Regency, supposed to have been brought about by Philippe's example; one may nevertheless maintain that Philippe was the most cruelly libelled man of his time. Philippe committed many errors, he never committed a crime, and, least of all, that so frequently laid to his charge, of having poisoned the Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne and their eldest son. Philippe had by his wife eight children; seven daughters, three of whom died young, and one son. The Regent himself died in his fiftieth year (1723).

Louis d'Orléans, the only son of the Regent, was as intelligent as his father, to whose title he succeeded when he was a little over twenty. Apart from his natural dignity, the debauchery he had seen around him, even as a lad, had disgusted him early with "a life of pleasure," and in the year after his succession he married Princess Jeanne of Baden, by whom he had one son; the Princess died in giving birth to her second child. His life, from one point of view, offers nothing remarkable. He was an assiduous patron of science, though he wrote a "Dissertation against Playhouses." That was when grief for the death of his young wife made him turn to religion for consolation. He

Louis Philippe Joseph might have become a great reformer by the side of Louis XV. and Louis XVI.; instead of which he became the latter's bitterest opponent. It has been said that he was driven to that course by Marie Antoinette's instinctive dislike to him. Would it not be better, perhaps, to say that this dislike was not so much instinctive as based upon a careful observation of the tactics of the future Philippe Egalité? He himself was by no means free of the vices of his ancestor, the Regent, but he was more unscrupulous; his vote at the trial of Louis XVI. is an incontrovertible proof of it. In 1769, he, being then in his twenty-second year, married Louise Marie de Bourbon-Penthievre, a lady whom even the most violent and unscrupulous censors and libellers of her husband have always respected. Her influence upon him seems to have been short-lived, but it had at least one good effect, though even that was temporary: that of banishing the bad characters from the Palais Royal. Like his forebears and his progeny, Philippe Egalité never showed a lack of courage; all those stories about his having hidden in the ship's hold at the Battle of Ushant are simply so much trash. In proof of this, we only need cite the remark to his quasi-judges: "Inasmuch as my fate has been decided; I request of you to carry out my sentence here and now." The request was granted. He died on the scaffold Nov. 6, 1793, at four in the afternoon. He was in his forty-seventh year.

The story of Philippe Egalité's eldest son, who became King of the French under the title of Louis Philippe, is too well known to the reader for me to dwell upon it here. That of his eldest grandson has been sketched elsewhere.



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BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD

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## CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Alford was alone when Katherine went to her after dinner. Jim had gone for a stroll by himself: it was a sign of the changed state of things that he had done so.

"He will be back directly," his mother said apologetically, and sat down by the fire and warmed her hands in silence. Katherine crouched on a low stool at her feet, watching the crackling wood. Presently she looked up.

"Mummy," she said, "while you were at dinner I put all your things tidy, and your tea-basket is back in your room. Is there anything else I can do for you this evening? To-morrow I am going away with Miss Bennett." She kissed the old lady's hand as if to soften the news of her sudden departure.

"To-morrow!"

"Yes, to-morrow," Katherine repeated sadly. "There is no one else to take care of her. She needs me; you have Jim."

"He needs you too. I don't know what there is in your heart, my dear, except that it is something you are keeping from me. I think you might have trusted me. I have been very fond of you."

"And I of you, dear Mummy."

"Then why should you go? You said you were fond of Jim: I hoped you were, but he has told me about this afternoon. He never loved any other woman in his life—I thought you cared for him."

"I do," she whispered. "I love him with all my heart,

and think there is no one like him in the world. The mere sound of his step makes my heart beat, and to hear his voice and see his face is life and happiness to me."

"Then why won't you marry him, my darling?" the old lady said, taking her in her arms.

"I can't, I can't," and she crouched down on her stool again and looked into the fire.

Then, as Jim entered, Mrs. Alford turned to him quickly, longing to bring about an acute crisis of some sort. "Katherine is going away to-morrow," she said, "she and Miss Bennett together."

"To-morrow?" he echoed.

"Yes, and I want to say good-bye to-night, so waited till you came." Then she turned to his mother. "You have



She sat down on the beach half-way between the hotel, low down on the water's edge, of which Miss Bennett had told her, and Laigueglia.



been very kind to me, Mummy: I can't thank you now, but I will all my life when I think of you." She had risen from the stool and stood looking at them both.

Mrs. Alford took her hands and held them. "You have been very kind to me," she said, "except in going from me. Why won't you stay, and why can't you make my son happy?" Then Katherine stooped and kissed her, and drew her hands away and crossed to the door, which was shut. She had not spoken to Jim, who waited awkwardly by the table in the middle of the room, but she gave him a quick look, and as she did so he saw that her face was pale, and her eyes had a strange hunted look in them.

"Kathy," he said, "I didn't mean the Mummy to say that to you, or that you should be troubled again in any way. Say good-bye to me, my dear, and God bless you." He went towards her and held out his hand. She motioned him back, and stood half hesitating with her back against the door, and faced him and the old lady.

"Wait," she said, evidently speaking with difficulty, "I want to tell you before I go, though you will never speak to me again; but I made up my mind this afternoon when we came back from the farm that you should know the truth. It is better than anything else—I make it my thank-offering for the happiness of the past months." She spoke hurriedly, as if she were afraid lest her courage should fail before she had finished. "It is not because I don't want to stay with you that I am going, or because—or because I don't love Jim. If I didn't it would not matter. He is more than the whole world to me." He made a step forward, but she put up her hands as if to keep him back. "I am going away because—I—I am married to somebody else."

"You are married!" the old lady exclaimed, while Jim looked at her as though he thought she was mad.

"Yes, I am married," she said with a gasp of relief at having brought it out at last. "I was made to marry, but Uncle Robert did it for the very best, I know he did," she added gently. "He thought that every woman ought to be married. I had no relations, and he was afraid of leaving me alone in the world. I know he did it for the best," she shuddered; "he meant to be kind; but I was miserable, for I didn't love the man, I never did for a single moment; but I was powerless and helpless, and had been brought up to think that women were obliged to do as men told them. It seems so weak and foolish to me now since I have realised that we have each to live our own lives and to choose the great things in them for ourselves."

"But whom did you marry?" Mrs. Alford asked, bewildered.

"A friend of Uncle Robert's," Katherine answered, speaking in the manner of a hunted woman who had been brought to bay at last. "I had known him since I was a little girl. He was a great deal older than I—eighteen years, I think—and I didn't want to marry him, and told him so."

"Was he so much in love with you?" Jim asked.

"No," she answered sadly, shaking her head. It would be mean and ungenerous, she thought, seeing that Mr. Belcher was not there to defend himself, to explain wholly how cruel he had been—besides her pride would not let her confess his blows. But some things she felt bound to say in self-defence. "No, he was not in love with me, but he knew that Uncle Robert wished to see me married—and he knew I should have Uncle Robert's money. He married me for that. I had no will of my own in anything, and no one to consult—no mother or sisters or friends, no one in the world except Uncle Robert, who had had a great trouble about his son. It made him very unhappy, and he grew silent and morose, and very stern, so that he hardly took any notice of me." She said it gently, as if to soften her words. "There was no one else except Susan, who said that men were the stronger race, and that women must obey them. Oh, you can't understand, you can't indeed," she cried, clasping her hands, and looking up at Jim. "I could not help myself in any way; I felt like a prisoner who was bound and had been born bound. It never even occurred to me to make a desperate struggle for freedom. I made a little feeble one, but it was useless."

"But when were you married?" Mrs. Alford asked, still bewildered, for Katherine's story sounded so impossible. "You were so very young."

"I was eighteen—it was the most dreadful day of my life—and that is what I meant," she went on, turning to Jim, "about the marriage ceremony. Why should words I did not mean or say willingly bind me? And why should he be able without offence to any law at all to marry me, not because he wanted me but because he wanted Uncle Robert's money? There is something very wrong somewhere that such a thing should be possible," she said passionately. "It ought to be the bitterest sin, the most terrible disgrace, to marry for any reason on earth except because you want to spend your whole lives together, and care for each other with all your hearts."

"That is the only reason an honest man does marry," he exclaimed.

"I have thought about it so much," she went on vehemently, as if she had not heard him, "hour after hour as I sat in the next room looking across the plains of Lombardy. People who would be afraid to cheat or commit crimes for which they would be put in prison will take a false oath in a church and say things they do not dream of meaning, and never seem to have it on their conscience. Is it because they think God will not tell their fellow men, or does not hear them, or because they think that truth and honour have little to do with marriage?"

"Katherine!" Mrs. Alford exclaimed, looking at her with astonishment.

"Yes, Mummy," the girl continued breathlessly, "I have thought and thought till I have been nearly mad. People ought to hesitate and think a great deal, unless they love each other so much that there can be no doubt at all about it—before they vow their whole lives to each other. I think each one should go alone and make a declaration before some official that they want to marry, so that they are very sure of

themselves. Even if they are not terribly in love—perhaps all people cannot be—they ought to like each other best in the world and want to be together. And the ceremony should be the most sacred thing on earth—the most binding and the most blessed—and nothing should undo it, not even death, between people who have been faithful and happy together and loved each other all the time. When one dies, the other should die too, or else should live doing what the other had left undone. But now, marriage, on which one's whole happiness depends, is a careless, easy thing, done for money or from fear, or because of a sudden fancy, as if it lasted a month instead of a lifetime, and it is a mere chance whether it makes for joy or sorrow—just a toss-up."

"But all marriages are not as you say," Mrs. Alford said coldly, still bewildered by Katherine's confession.

"No, dear Mummy, they are not, but many are; and even one in a town should be a disgrace—like murder. It is worse than murder, for it lasts longer. Mr. Belcher married me because he wanted Uncle Robert's money, not because he loved me; and I married him because I was helpless and afraid of Uncle Robert; and I was young—only a school-girl—and no companion for him, and he was none for me. We were just two strangers living in the same house. I was in his way, as a stranger is; he resented it when he saw me, and lived his own life, so far as he could, without me."

"Why didn't you try to love him?" Mrs. Alford asked sternly. "He was your husband."

"I did, I did!" she said in a despairing tone, "but it was useless. All my life I had been afraid of him, had never even liked him. I can't explain what life was with him. Perhaps it was all my fault—only I know this, that I was the most miserable girl in the wide world. One day," she went on quickly, "he told me he was going away for a week. He had been very cruel—"

"Cruel?" repeated Jim in a low voice.

"Yes," answered Katherine. "Perhaps I ought not to say things against him while he is not here, but he was cruel—cruel, and he went away. I was nearly mad, and hated him—I never did anything else but hate him and shudder at his voice. When he had gone—Uncle Robert had started for Australia—I ran away. Yes, I did, Mummy," and the tears ran down her face. "Uncle Robert gave me some money before he went to Australia, and Mrs. Barrett left me some, and I ran away. That was how you found me on board ship. Alice never guessed I was married. I had thrown my wedding-ring into the sea—"

"You should have told me," Mrs. Alford said.

"I couldn't. I was afraid. I have thought sometimes," she went on, for she reproached herself concerning Mr. Belcher now that she had put his conduct into words, "that he meant to be kinder after we were married; but he was so much older, and I was such a school-girl in mind, and he knew that I did not love him, for I had told him so, and gradually he learnt to hate me because he couldn't get rid of me—that was what I meant, to-day, Jim," she said, turning to him again. "I don't mean to scoff at marriage, but I never felt that I was married to Mr. Belcher at all, and I don't now, only that I was his prisoner, and I can't feel that I have been very wicked except in not telling you before."

"You told me that you loved my son," Mrs. Alford said.

"Yes, dear Mummy, and I do," she answered in a low, sweet voice. "I love him with all my heart, and shall as long as I live—but I would not say it if I ever meant to see him again after to-night. I thought we could be friends, but I see now that he is right in saying that it is impossible. You must not think," she added as Mrs. Alford made a gesture of indignation, "that I mean any harm, for I think the greatest insult to love is to deface it with wickedness. And Jim was quite right to-day when he said we were all bound to respect those laws that were found to work best for mankind, and that each individual must abide by them, no matter how hard they are; just as a soldier must die in battle for the sake of his country. I have expressed it all so badly, but I have thought about it, and thought about it day and night, and I will try and do what is right always, for the sake of you and Jim."

"Then, my dear," said Mrs. Alford solemnly, "you will let your husband know your whereabouts?"

Poor Katherine's heart called out dumbly, "Oh, I knew, I knew she would say it!" But she answered firmly, "No, Mummy, I cannot."

"No, of course she can't," said Jim indignantly, and then he turned to Katherine. "My darling," he said, "everything is, and must be, at an end between us in one way, but I shall love you as long as I live, and we will try to be friends, or like brother and sister," he added desperately.

"No," she answered, shaking her head. "That cannot be now. I do not think," she added in a whisper, "that it would satisfy me. I want you to love me so much, much more than it would be wrong—it is better that we should be strangers—just hearing from each other now and then," she added wistfully.

"It's such a frightful puzzle, such a hole for you to be in, my poor darling."

"You mustn't call me that," she said in a tone of happy fright. "If you only won't think badly of me, that is all I want. And if I love you when you are in India—so far away as that, it will seem like a religion and become beautiful. Talk it all over with the Mummy, Jim dear, and when you have thought it out, perhaps you or she will write to me." And before they knew what she was going to do she had opened the door and vanished from their sight.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

Alassio is a very little place on the Italian Riviera, halfway between Savona and San Remo. Inside the town gates are only a couple of narrow streets, worn into ruts like the streets of Pompeii, hardly wide enough to let two well-loaded donkeys pass each other comfortably, a little square marketplace, a few primitive shops, and a couple of hotels that have

seen better days. Beyond the gates are two or three fairly new hotels, the old picturesque church with its square towers, a few villas, and, a little way above them, the Protestant church built by a handful of devout English. Dotted about on the mountain sides at irregular intervals are more villas, and here and there a shrine or ruined chapel. In and out the olive woods towards Albenga, the next town to Alassio, winds a narrow Roman road, along which Hannibal is said to have led his followers into Southern Italy.

But though Alassio is a pleasant enough place to the idler or the invalid, or to the romantic in search of the picturesque, it has no attractions for the frivolous or fashionable. When Katherine and Miss Bennett journeyed there, it was known to very few English folk, and they kept its beauty a secret to themselves. It is on one side of a bay, as if it had dropped there gracefully and quite by accident; and a little way off—a mile or two, perhaps—is the village of Laigueglia, which might be Alassio's only child keeping respectfully at a distance from its parent. These two have the bay to themselves, and all along the shore are really fine sands on which the children seek for Venus's slippers, and play among the boats and the brown sails and fishing-nets hung out to dry. Close behind, in a grand semicircle are the mountains; there is no plain between them and the sea, save the sands and as much ground as is necessary for the little town to stand upon, and there is no visible break in their chain. Besides the sand and the sea and the mountains there are the olive-woods and the maidenhair valley, and the Banxia roses and the red berries of the sarsaparilla, and the acacia carubas, which are especially fine, and the palms and the pepper-trees and the oranges that grow thick as apples in Devonshire, and the lemons thriving so well that five millions of them are gathered every year in the district. And there are bits of colour and patches of light, and bells that ring by fits and starts, and clocks that strike at odd moments, and a few well-to-do Italians, and many peasant folk, pleasant to talk with and picturesque to look at—all these, with the sunshine everywhere, make up the beauty of Alassio.

At the end towards Albenga, Miss Crockett kept a little pension in a villa that looked like a Swiss chalet. It was almost the last house in Alassio, and had a garden full of orange-trees and pepper-trees, and geraniums that grew half as high as a man. Behind were the sands and the sea, and in front was a high road. On the other side of the road was a mountain covered with olive woods and crowned by a ruined church that had a history about a princess who had built it as a thank-offering for having married her lowly born lover. To the right stretched the white Corniche road on its way to Albenga and the towns beyond; and to the left it went past the villas and the church and the Grand Hotel, and the turning to the station, on to the town gates, through the town, and out by the gates at the other end, past an hotel built low down on the water's edge, and on, beside the railway line and the great yellow sands and the blue sea, to Laigueglia.

Miss Bennett was staying at Miss Crockett's pension. The two women had known and disliked each other all their lives. They had both been governesses. Miss Bennett had broken down from ill-health; Miss Crockett had done the same years before, but she was better, and had been helped by some old pupils to start the pension by which she managed to make a living. She was never sure of filling all her rooms, so was glad to take Miss Bennett even at a moderate price, and Miss Bennett thought it was better to be with her than with a stranger. She had never pretended to like Miss Crockett or to hold to her methods of teaching, so she knew that too much civility would not be expected of her. Thus it was they came together with a certain amount of congratulation, but with little sympathy on either side. Miss Bennett's strength seemed to be vanishing with the year: she gave more trouble than other boarders, but by way of compensation she ate less. The soft Italian air was doing her good and putting her into a friendly humour with the world—though not with its people—before she said good-bye. Her room was a front one facing the roadway and the mountain; for those that faced the sea at the back were dearer and beyond her means; she could see the trains flashing among the olive-woods at the foot of the mountain when she sat at the window—the train from the Italian frontier going on to Genoa, and the train from Genoa going back to the frontier. The people in them were seeking health or pleasure; it was always the same story, just as it had been at Genoa. She used to look at them grudgingly, wondering who was left to work, and who sat still to sorrow, for the world about her seemed to be given up to pleasure-taking or leisure. Well, it didn't matter. Soon she would be away from it all, and the world might go on as it pleased. She had enough money, Miss Crockett was not likely to over-charge or neglect her, Katherine came to see her every day: she liked Katherine, liked her better lately since her face had grown white and thin and very sad. A grim satisfaction came into her eyes as she noticed it: the girl was being made to pay, she thought, as all people who lived in the world and dared to bid for happiness were made to pay at some time.

"Is there nothing more I can do—nothing, nothing else?" she would ask Miss Bennett before she left her till the morrow. And the answer was always the same.

"No thank you, and it would be better to get used to having nothing at all done for me, I don't want to be sorry to die."

"Ah, we must all be that while the sun shines and the trees have leaves and there is a sky above our heads. I think sometimes I would rather live in the bitterest pain than be dead," Katherine said one day.

"The next world may be better."

"But I long for a share of happiness in this one."

"Ah," answered Miss Bennett grimly, "we all do; but some of us die of hunger. I think you shall go now," she added, "but it does me good to see you come in of a day. I can't think why you wouldn't stay here."

"I will if you like," Katherine answered, "if it will please



you." It was saying a great deal, and she knew it, but her heart ached so much for the dying woman that she would have done anything in the world to give her a moment's pleasure. It haunted her day and night, as a sort of refrain to her own life and its anxieties, that Miss Bennett was dying, that every day she was a little nearer to the end that was already well in sight. She had never beheld death, but now instinctively she recognised it, and saw its marks upon Miss Bennett's grey face, and in her eyes that had grown large and bright and eager, and her hands that were transparent, and her footsteps that lagged feebly one after the other with a pause between, as though the grim shadow stooped and measured them.

Miss Bennett considered Katherine's question. "No," she answered, "I think you had better stay where you are. I know the people here now, and it breaks the day better when you come in the afternoon. You are a good girl, I often wonder why you didn't marry young Alford. Women should marry if they get the chance. It's a terrible thing when you grow old to feel that you have missed the near relationships of life. People who have done that are only in the way. Besides, women grow spiteful as they grow old if they are not married, just as men grow obstinate and narrow if they are alone; each sex needs the other to leaven it. It is better to be with a disagreeable man than to grow disagreeable yourself."

"Oh, don't let us talk of that; you don't know how impossible it all is. I wish I could do something more for you before I go, I do so little?" But Miss Bennett had closed her eyes, and did not hear. Katherine, seeing that she was comfortable, left the room softly and took her way back to her own lodging.

She was living at Laigueglia, and was the only English-woman in the village, which Miss Bennett had described well enough—a little quiet street, a white marble church cracked by earthquake, a railway station at which a train stopped once or twice a day, and a few deserted-looking houses with gardens full of orange-trees: that was all. She had persuaded a woman who kept a little shop to let her have a bed-room and to provide her with the morning coffee and the midday meal; the rest she managed, with the help of a spirit-lamp and some tea and biscuits, to arrange for herself.

And here alone from every one who even spoke her tongue she tried to face the problem of life and the future. She had plenty of money at the present rate to last her a year or two. The place was beautiful enough, the Mediterranean and the mountains and the wonderful vegetation were intoxicating; but they were not enough to satisfy her. "I want more," she cried to herself; "I can't go on for ever living like this or measure my thoughts and longings by the rule of right and wrong. I want to live; not merely to eat and drink and take up room in the world and do nothing—nothing at all. I am of no use at all now unless it is to poor Miss Bennett, and she will be gone soon: if I were dead no one would care, hardly anyone would even know. Yes, Jim would be sorry, and perhaps the Mummy." She sat down on the beach half-way between the hotel, low down on the water's edge, of which Miss Bennett had told her, and Laigueglia. The hotel was a long rambling building, picturesque enough, with a great orange garden to it, and immediately behind the mountains rose up high and suddenly towards the blue sky. Hardly anyone stayed at the hotel, and the few who did were Italians. A man and a woman were sitting in the garden when Katherine passed, but she had only seen them in the distance. They came out from among the orange-trees now and walked round to the front of the hotel, and stopped as if they were watching the sunset. Something made Katherine think that they were English, but she could not see them well, and since the man was certainly not Mr. Belcher, whom she dreaded, or Jim Alford, for whom she longed, she went on with her own thoughts, idly stirring the sand with her fingers. She felt that somehow she must see Jim again; she loved him more and more every day of her life. All space was empty; every sound seemed to echo in a desert; the hours dragged by and made themselves felt to the uttermost second of every minute. Beautiful; oh, yes! the place might be beautiful, but it was an empty paradise, and she was miserable. All sorts of desperate things she might have done presented themselves to her. "I wish I had never told," she cried, while the blue water surged up to her feet as if to listen. "I might have married him and gone away to India and been happy all my life and never discovered. It wasn't as if he had been going to live in England. Why didn't I think of it and dare it? I know I could have made him happy and he would never, never have known. It would have done no one any harm;—how can a deed that only makes people happy and does no one any harm be wrong? I can't understand it. But I know this, that I would live a year in prison darkness or bitterest pain for just one hour more with him, and I shall never see him again as long as I live. I used to think that the mere fact of loving him and thinking of him would be enough; but it isn't. I want to see him, and hear him, and to walk beside him.—Oh, how wicked I am, for I want him to kiss me again, and it is all over for ever and ever, and I have to live to the end of my life as best I can. If we had only been like those two people," she thought, as she watched the strangers saunter back to the orange-trees, "they look like Adam and Eve going into the Garden of Eden. It has always been a man and woman—a man and a woman—since the world began. But I have to wander on and be alone always, that is

my portion, and some day I shall be old and discontented, waiting for death like Miss Bennett, and have had nothing in life to satisfy me and be hungry and longing still. Jim will marry somebody else in time—oh, to think of him married to someone else—someone who has always been happy and will be happier still when he loves her, and she goes to spend her whole life with him—makes me feel as if I want to die before it comes to pass." She stood up and looked at the sea—it seemed full of infinite wisdom and understanding. "How foolish I must seem to you!" she cried, holding out her arms towards it. "But, I am so miserable! I want to belong to Jim, to be his wife, to spend all my days with him, and to be buried in the same grave with him at last: the chance was mine, but those awful words that I said, just for lack of courage to run away from Uncle Robert, have made it impossible for ever. It will never be now—never—never. I might as well try to walk across you to the horizon in the distance." She turned away with a long sigh, and walked on towards Laigueglia, thinking of the Mummy's letter; for she had written to Mrs. Alford soon after she had arrived at Laigueglia. There had been a fortnight's long waiting before the answer came, and when it did, though it was kind enough, it was firm in its opinion that she ought to go back to her husband, or to write to her uncle in Australia asking him to arrange a separation that was legal. "Or, if you like," the letter went on, "and have not courage to do it before, as I think you ought, come to me at the end of January, when Jim has gone. I shall be at Chilworth, and if you like to tell your husband to meet you under my roof, I will do my best to help you to some arrangement with him." How merciless it seemed: she had no heart to answer it. Other reference to Jim, except that one about his going, there had been none in it, but the letter was dated from Milan, and Katherine divined that they were on their way back to England. More than a month had



VOLUNTEER AMBULANCE CHALLENGE SHIELD GIVEN BY THE VOLUNTEER MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

passed since it came, but she could not think of it calmly: it made her determine that when Miss Bennett was gone she would journey on to some other place that had no memory of the morning that brought it.

She could not go indoors yet, it was too early. An idea struck her. She would go back to Alassio, through the little town, out at the other end and on to Santa Croce and see the moon rise through a ruined doorway—all that was left of some old church or monastery—hidden among the woods high up above Albenga. She looked in at the garden as she passed the hotel. The strangers rose from a seat among the orange-trees and suddenly faced her. With a cry of fear she stood still, for one of them in astonishment darted towards her. It was Mrs. Oswald.

(To be continued.)

#### SONG.

How shall I, in my pride, array  
The one I choose?  
What purple and what gems display  
For her to use;  
What flowing silk and flowered hem,  
What diadem?  
What shall I, in my love, desire  
Her eyes to see,  
When she steps forth in her attire  
So daintily?  
What pathway shall I deem most meet  
For her dear feet?  
Each thread of gold in Heaven wrought,  
Which I receive  
To fashion my divinest thought,  
I will inweave  
And twine a rare and royal dress  
For my princess.  
In her clear sight the magic earth  
Shall all be fair,  
No evil thing will come to birth  
In her pure air;  
All paths shall turn to fragrant ways  
Wherein she strays. DOLLIE RADFORD.

#### ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The Comte de Paris has died, I believe, of starvation in the midst of plenty—for, shorn of its technical and scientific verbiage, the cause of his death may be finally reduced to that. The contemplation of such a slow and terrible end is sufficient to breed compassion in the hearts of the most callous, but it ought to do more: it should put an end for good to all attempts of future Tanners, Succis, and Merlattis to interest the public in their so-called "fasting feats." It matters little to my present argument whether such feats are undertaken for profane or quasi-religious purposes; I am narrow-minded enough to think that no good to humanity can be effected by them, and that those who countenance them by their support may be roughly classed as fools and worse.

For every patron of such exhibitions is not necessarily swayed by idle curiosity; that is, by the desire to see an individual whose professed aim—as distinct from the real—it is to show that "the craving for food is a mere prejudice." Some of those patrons in the Succis and Merlattis days openly averred that their patronage was due to the desire to convince the Catholic Church that "nature once known, no miracles remain," to borrow from Pope; in other words, to imitate pseudo-miracles by the aid of science. It was to be a modern repetition of the struggle between Moses and Pharaoh's magicians, of the contest between St. Paul praying and Simon the magician juggling before Nero. Well, I believe that both Merlatti and Succis are still alive. Why will they not come forward and divulge their secret to save a fellow-man?—especially Succis, who claimed to be possessed of a liquid a few drops of which would not only still the cravings of hunger, but prevent the exhaustion of the vital forces.

There is no trustworthy version of the duration of the torture inflicted by Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini on Count Ugolino and his four children in the Tower of Pisa, which, in memory of that cruel, fiendish murder, is called "the Tower of Hunger"; but there is an authentic account with regard to Elisabeth Squirrel, of Shotterham, in Norfolk, and of the "Welsh fasting girl." The first lingered for some time, it having been proved afterwards that she was fed slightly and in secret; the second, having had to submit to a strict surveillance from the students and doctors of Guy's Hospital, who went to Wales for that purpose, died at the end of ten days.

The heroine of Zola's "Germinal" dies after ten days, but the hero, after a fortnight's starvation, is rescued alive. I had a conversation on the subject with the great French novelist while I was translating his work for the *People*, and he told me that he had carefully controlled the facts before embodying them in his novel. In the mining disaster at Tynewyd (1876 or 1877) five men managed to survive their ten-days entombment. When rescued, they had sufficient strength left to walk to the cage. The author of the article on "Dietetics" in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" is of opinion that these five owed their lives to exceptionally favourable circumstances.

The most notable case on record of terribly prolonged and self-inflicted torture by starvation is that of the Corsican Luke Antonio Viterbi, who, at the end of the First Empire, was imprisoned at Bastia for political causes, the recital of which would not interest the reader, and who determined to starve himself to death rather than give his enemies the satisfaction of seeing him executed. It took him full three weeks to accomplish his project.

#### VOLUNTEER AMBULANCE CHALLENGE SHIELD.

The Volunteer Medical Association, to encourage ambulance instruction and drill among the Volunteer battalions and Yeomanry Cavalry, has presented a challenge shield to be competed for annually by regimental stretcher detachments. The first competition, which recently took place at Wellington Barracks, Surgeon-Major Sir James Clark, of the Army Medical Department, being chief of the judges, comprised stretcher and wagon drill, first aid to wounded, and anatomy. The shield and first badges were won by the Civil Service Rifles, while the 1st Bucks and the 2nd Liverpool Volunteer Brigade came in well as second and third; the Civil Service Rifles made 331 marks out of a possible 400; the 1st Bucks made 324 marks, and the Liverpool competitors 305; taking the average performance of all the competing teams, on the whole, they made 58 per cent. of the number of possible marks that could have been recorded. The trials occupied, altogether, about four hours. The Prince of Wales is president of the Volunteer Medical Association; Dr. W. R. Smith, M.D., D.Sc., is vice-president; Dr. E. Squire, M.D., and Mr. A. Lingard, are the honorary secretaries.





NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

By MARCELLA WALKER.



## THE LATE COMTE DE PARIS.

BY ALBERT D. VANDAM.

When the news of the death of the Prince Imperial reached Paris, the Duc de Broglie exclaimed: "The Republic has the luck of it all round; the Prince Imperial is dead and the Comte de Paris is alive" (*La République a toutes les chances; le Prince Impérial est mort et le Comte de Paris vit*). Not the most persistent detractors of M. de Broglie have ever accused him of a lack of sympathy with the Orleanist cause; the exclamation, then, was tantamount to an indictment of the deceased Prince's attitude as a pretender to the throne occupied by his grandfather. Even at this moment, when pity at the sad and cruel end of a kindly, brave, and upright prince swamps every other feeling, it would be idle to deny the justice of M. de Broglie's epigrammatically conveyed, but none the less sincerely felt, disapproval of a policy which from its first inception to its latest development erred in "letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'"

It must not be inferred, though, that the physical courage for an attempt to overthrow the Third Republic by force of arms was wanting either in the head of the House of Orleans or in any of its members—an attempt to overthrow the Second Empire was probably never seriously debated by them; I repeat, it was not the physical courage that was wanting. When at a memorable banquet at the Mansion House in the forties, Sir Robert Peel described the offspring of Louis Philippe as "a family, all the men of which are brave and all the women chaste," he uttered no mere empty after-dinner compliment, and one may safely aver that the praise would hold as good with regard to the second generation, as it did with regard to the first. No, it was not the physical courage that was wanting in the Comte de Paris or in his kinsmen; it was, first of all, an inherited fear of comparative poverty; secondly, an inherited repugnance to shed the blood of Frenchmen in a fratricidal strife. For there is no doubt that the constant fear of relapsing into his former poverty was the besetting sin of Louis Philippe; there is equally no doubt that a miscarried attempt of the Comte de Paris to recover his grandfather's throne would have been followed by the confiscation of the whole of the property of the d'Orléans family in France. And although the French are unquestionably the most rapacious nation on the face of the civilised globe, they refuse to sanction "a like carefulness" in their rulers; be they named kings or presidents. Nine-tenths of the satires levelled at Thiers and Grévy aimed in that direction; and though Louis Philippe has been dead these fifty years, gossips still relate with malicious glee his answer to the request of Harel, the then lessee of the Odéon, for a loan of thirty thousand francs. "My dear Monsieur Harel, I was just going to ask you for a similar sum." In the opinion of most Englishmen, Louis Philippe's greatest claim to the respect and reverence of posterity is that of having prevented, as far as he was able, the shedding of blood during the revolution that cost him his crown. But such abnegation of self is, I fear, scarcely understood even by the most educated of Frenchmen. One day a French officer was describing the battle of Mentana to Napoleon III. "I made a prisoner, Sire, who turned out to be a Frenchman and an old acquaintance from the Boulevards. He was furious against Garibaldi, because the latter had imposed upon him the necessity of firing on his own countrymen in a strange land. 'I am not an émigré,' said the prisoner; 'I would not have gone to Coblenz; I am a Frenchman from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. If it came to fighting Frenchmen in the streets of Paris, I would not mind it. I should have no scruple in firing on the Imperial Guards or on the rabble, for that would be civil war.' That's what he said, Sire," wound up the Emperor's interlocutor. The Emperor nodded his head, and with his wonderful sphinx-like smile, replied, "Your prisoner was right; it makes all the difference."

If the sons and grandsons of Louis Philippe had been able to evolve such subtle distinctions from their own conscience, or act upon them, if suggested by others, the Prince, whose terrible mental suffering during his last days as well as his slow and tragic death, must have aroused the compassion of everyone, would have ended his life as King of France, or if not that, have descended to his grave as a pretender in deed, as well as in name. But rightly or wrongly, he refused to be instrumental in the shedding of the blood of his own countrymen in civil war; his elders had given the example to that effect, and their nephew had learned the lesson early. Before he was ten he had seen the horrors of such civil war too closely to inflict them willingly. Five days

before the crash came that made him and his nearest and dearest exiles for more than twenty years, his mother had been compelled to afford him an insight into the terrible meaning of the word "revolution." "You are not able to understand as yet; you can only pray to God to avert the evil that threatens France," she said on the morning of Feb. 24, 1848, as she entered the room where he was waiting for his tutor to give him his lessons. The lad understood probably, for he was intelligent, but if he failed to grasp the situation then, he could not have failed to do so on the 28th, when he was taken on foot through a surging crowd across the Place de la Concorde to the Palais Bourbon, where the Duchesse d'Orléans intended to make a last appeal in favour of her fatherless son. The subsequent scenes of violence, during which his own life as well as that of his brother and mother hung by a slender thread, were never effaced from his memory, and doubtless influenced the whole of his after-life. They taught him patience and forbearance, though, odd to relate, their effect was different upon his younger brother, the Duc de Chartres. We have the letters of the Duchesse d'Orléans herself in support of this.

The next ten years were spent in Germany and in England—in that smiling Surrey home which became almost as dear to him and his as their native one,



BORN AUGUST 24, 1836.

DIED SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

THE LATE PRINCE LOUIS PHILIPPE ALBERT D'ORLÉANS, COMTE DE PARIS.

From a Photograph by Byrne, Richmond.

and then his mother died: the mother who shortly before her death wrote that "there was no need of her protection, that, in fact, he protected her." The serious but by no means priggish lad had grown into a serious, studious man before his time, as it were, and his travels only tended to increase the sterling traits in his character, but even in those days it would not have been difficult to foretell that the adventurous spirit of his father and of two of his uncles, the Prince de Joinville and the Duc d'Aumale, would form no part of his mental and moral *apanage*. That spirit would be his younger brother's lot. Again I wish to point out that there was no lack of courage, but that courage lacked the dare-devil stamp without which no pretender can hope to succeed, and least of all in France. Contemporary France is like the Brynhild of the "Nibelungen"—she must be roughly handled before she will yield her love, and, above all, her respect.

In 1861 the two sons of the Duc d'Orléans, in company with their uncle Joinville, embarked for the United States, where the War of Secession was at its height. I have an idea that the journey was undertaken for the express purpose of affording the Comte de Paris an opportunity of learning the art of warfare, albeit that this purpose was scarcely avowed. Less fortunate in that respect than the Duc de Chartres, who received his military training at the Military Academy of Piedmont, and who fought in the Franco-Austrian War of 1859, the Comte de Paris had had no practical experience of soldiering. Victor

Emmanuel could not have extended the same favour to the eldest grandson of Louis Philippe without placing himself in a false position towards Napoleon III. Be this as it may, the young Princes worthily upheld the honour of their name with the army of the Potomac, under McClellan. But for the disastrous expedition of Napoleon III. against Mexico, and the rupture of the Soledad Convention, they would probably have remained till the end; as it was, they returned to Europe after eight or nine months' campaigning, and the literary first-fruit of the Comte de Paris's experiences was not, as might have been expected, an article on soldiering, but a deeply pondered essay on "The Cotton Famine" in Lancashire, which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, though not signed by its author. That already marked the tendency of the young Prince's mind.

In 1864 the Comte married his cousin, Marie Isabelle de Montpensier, in that very Catholic chapel at Kingston-Thames where, five-and-twenty years later, I was present at the celebration of his silver wedding. Much had happened during that quarter of a century. Two years after the birth of his son, the present Duc d'Orléans (February 1869), it seemed that a turn in the tide had come. Sedan had been lost, Paris had surrendered, France was thoroughly disorganised, and as much in want of a saviour as in 1851, but Louis Philippe d'Orléans was not a Louis Napoleon. He made the mistake of trusting too implicitly to that second-rate Talleyrand—Adolphe Thiers—whose incarceration was Louis Napoleon's first care in the nick of time. The mistake was repeated nineteen years later with that poor copy of that poor original—Changarnier. I am alluding to Boulanger. When the history of the Third Republic comes to be written the historians will say that the Comte de Paris failed through the force of circumstances. "The force of circumstances" is frequently but a euphemism for "the weakness of men." Regretted, and deservedly so, by many friends, ardent and sincere in his cause, the deceased Prince will only leave a void as a friend, as a man who led a thoroughly blameless, exemplary life; as a pretender he will leave no void, for his staunchest adherents, and I could name three or four among the foremost, had long abandoned all hope of arousing him to action. Rivarol, the satirist of the first Revolution, in consequence of Louis the Sixteenth's want of energy, made a nobleman say, "You hesitate to be my King; I decline to be your subject any longer." If the Bôchers, the Harcourts, the Haussonvilles, the Beauvoirs were not as outspoken, it was simply from an almost paternal, fraternal, and filial feeling for a prince whose private virtues were beyond dispute, but of whom the sincerest friends of France, whether foreign or native, nay France herself, might have said what Goethe said of his mistress: "She is perfect; she only fails therein, that she loves me too well."

The death of his Royal Highness, which took place at Stowe House, on Saturday morning, Sept. 8, is certified by his medical attendant, Mr. George H. D'Aeth, to have been caused by intestinal obstruction and by exhaustion, after a long and painful illness. The funeral took place on Wednesday, Sept. 12, in the Roman Catholic Chapel at Weybridge, Surrey, where the remains of King Louis Philippe, of Queen Marie Amélie, and of the Duchesse d'Aumale, were laid until they were removed to Dreux, fifty miles from Paris, to be deposited in the family burial-place of the House of Orleans, a temple erected by King Louis Philippe for their sepulchres, magnificently adorned with sculptures and paintings, and situated in the garden adjacent to the ruins of the ancient castle of the Comtes de Dreux. The funeral service at Weybridge was attended by representatives of the English royal family, and by some diplomatic representatives of foreign Courts, also by several foreign Princes. At the Church of Notre Dame de France, in Leicester Square, at the Church of the Annunciation, Portman Square, and at other Roman Catholic places of worship, masses have been performed with prayers for the repose of the departed soul, and funeral sermons have been preached. Messages of condolence have been received, in the first instance, from the Courts of Lisbon and Madrid, and this example will be speedily followed by the reigning Sovereigns of other nations. The late Comte de Paris was one of the richest men in Europe; his private wealth is estimated at nearly four millions sterling, which includes the Villa Manrique estate in Spain, bequeathed to Prince Ferdinand, Duc de Montpensier; the French seigneurial domains of Eu and Tréport, producing £10,000 a year, which go to the eldest son; and personal property, given to the Comte de Paris by the late Duc de Galliera. The French Republic, in 1871, restored to the Orleans Princes what Louis Napoleon confiscated, amounting to £1,800,000.



## THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

A melancholy interest attaches itself just now to the young Queen of Portugal, for she was the eldest daughter and favourite child of the late Comte de Paris, and it was owing more or less directly to her marriage to the then Duke of Braganza that the French Government passed the Expulsion Bill against the direct heirs of families who had once reigned in France.

Amélie Louise Hélène d'Orléans was born at Twickenham twenty-nine years ago, on Sept. 28, 1865. She has always shown a marked partiality for England and things English, the whole of her childhood having been spent in the country which has so often been the refuge of exiled royalties.

The future Queen of Portugal's girlhood was passed at the Château d'Eu, the Comte de Paris's beautiful Norman home, but the Orleans family remained in constant communication with their English friends, and Princess Amélie's training and education closely resembled that given to the Prince of Wales's daughters, and with them she has always been very intimate. She rides admirably, is a good pedestrian, and inherited from her great-grandmother, Louis Philippe's Queen, a genuine love of all housewifely arts.

Princess Amélie's marriage to the Crown Prince of Portugal had about it that touch of romance which makes the whole world kin. Dom Pedro was calling one day on the French Ambassadors, and saw a portrait of the Comte de Paris' daughter. Possessing a considerable share of the quality of impulsiveness common to all Victor Emmanuel's grandsons, the Duke started for Paris, within a few days obtained an introduction to the Orleans family, and within a month the Portuguese Ambassador was instructed to make a formal demand for Princess Amélie's hand. The news of the betrothal gave extreme satisfaction to the French Legitimists, and the splendid reception given by the Comte and Comtesse de Paris to their adherents in honour of their eldest daughter's marriage made a great impression in Paris, and apparently gave alarm to the then President of the French Republic and his *entourage*; but for a while nothing was said which could give the Comte de Paris any warning of the thunderbolt which was to descend upon him. Princess Amélie was duly married to the Duke of Braganza in the Cathedral of San Domingo at Lisbon amid an immense gathering of relations and friends. The occasion was also noteworthy for having been the first official appearance of Prince George of Wales (the Duke of York) as representative of the Queen of England. Within a month of the Comte de Paris' return from Lisbon the law was passed which condemned him to life exile, and perhaps the member of the family on whom the blow fell most heavily was the young bride, the innocent cause of her much loved father and mother's misfortune.

The Duke of Braganza succeeded his father five years ago, and since that time both he and Queen Amélie have won golden opinions both from their subjects and foreign critics. The Queen has remained a thorough Frenchwoman in her love for her children and intense clinging to all her old home ties, but in everything else she has become thoroughly Portuguese, and she takes an active interest in all that concerns the condition of her husband's people. Since her marriage she has only been to England twice—on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, when her beauty and charm of manner attracted considerable attention, and during the last few weeks, when she helped the Comtesse de Paris nurse her father with assiduous care and untiring devotion.



Photo by A. Fulton, 87, Rua Serpa Pinto, Lisbon.

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE COMTE DE PARIS.



Photo by Casmacho, Lisbon.

PRINCE MANUEL, SECOND SON OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.



Photo by Casmacho, Lisbon.

LUIS FELIPE, DUKE OF BRAGANZA, CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL.



# ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXXVI.

## Stowe House.

AN avenue perfectly straight, and close upon two miles long, connects the park of Stowe with the ancient town of Buckingham—which was a place of some fame a thousand years ago (fortified against the Danes by Edward the Elder, coining its own silver in the days of Ethelred and Canute), but is now one of the smallest of county capitals, shrinking slowly as the century goes on, incredibly remote from that greater capital of Middlesex less than sixty miles away. A pleasant little town, none the less, and a sleepy; with this curious touch of novelty, that the inscriptions in its railway-station are for the most part in French as well as in English—"Entrée interdite au public" supplementing our briefer "Private," and "Salle d'attente" following "Waiting-room."

For Stowe House, as everybody knows, has been for some years the English home of the Comte de Paris; and the Buckingham folk are bewildered, like their ancestors in the Danish times, by continual incursions of foreign people ignorant of the language of Bucks. Both French and Danes, indeed, and royal people of many countries, have visited this vast home of the Temple family often enough, during the last century and a half. The Bourbons came to know it first in 1809, when Louis XVIII. and all the members of the royal family of France stayed with the Marquis of Buckingham. Christian VII., King of Denmark, was here in 1768, and Gustavus, King of Sweden, in 1810; Emperors of Russia, who were and were to be, visited the place in 1814 and 1817; and later the King of Hanover, the King of Saxony, the Prince of Prussia, found their way to the little town on the Ouse. Our own reigning family, too, have helped to make Stowe richer in royal guests than perhaps any other house in England. One need not chronicle their many visits, between that of Prince Frederick and the Princess of Wales in 1737—as to which Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, remarked, "The Prince has gone to make a visit to my Lord Cobham, where my Lord Chesterfield is and some others that I think very good men: *I believe keeping that company won't be agreeable to her Majesty*"—and the grand entertainment of the Queen and Prince Albert in 1845, so soon before the crash came which left Stowe House desolate for many years. The famous sale followed in 1848; it lasted for forty days, and one of the most magnificent collections of "objects of art and vertu" ever formed in this country was sold for £75,000.

The first view of Stowe House, as you approach it from Buckingham, is a curious optical effect, no doubt designed by the ingenuity of our forefathers. The fine avenue of two double lines of elms—with beeches nearer the gateway—runs sharply downhill



Photo by Byrne, Richmond.

THE COMTESSE DE PARIS.



STOWE HOUSE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, VIEW FROM THE LAKE.





STOWE HOUSE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE COMTE DE PARIS.



and up, but is absolutely straight throughout; and almost from its beginning one sees the prospect closed by a high gateway, called the Corinthian Arch. This appears at first to be filled up with a wall, wherein is a diminutive pillared doorway, but, as a matter of fact, these pillars form the centre of the vast south front of Stowe, and are, as the crow flies, over a mile further on than the arch.

Having paid one's tribute to the arch's designer—Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford—by being duly deceived, one may drive into the park: passing under the French flag, whose blue, white, and red remind one curiously of an incident which took place in this very house of Stowe, eighty-five years ago. Then as now, as has been said, there were Bourbons staying here; and the second Duke of Buckingham often described a scene he had himself witnessed, between Louis Philippe—afterwards known as “the King of the Barricades”—and Louis XVIII. “One day, while the royal family were seated together in the library, the



THE LAKE AT STOWE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

At the Norman survey Roger d'Oyley and Roger d'Iveri held it under the Bishop of Bayeux, but in 1088 the Bishop was dispossessed of his lands and the two Rogers obtained the manor for themselves. D'Oyley retained Stowe until he gave it to the Canons of Oseney Abbey; and it was theirs till the Dissolution, when it passed to the Bishop of Oxford. Afterwards Elizabeth resumed possession of the manor and granted it by letters patent to Thomas Compton, Robert Wright, and Gilly Meyrick; and not long after it changed hands for the last time, for Gilly Meyrick transferred it in 1592 to the Leicestershire family of Temple, who had formerly owned lands here, and from whom—through Hester Temple, afterwards Viscountess Cobham and Countess Temple—it descended to its present owner, Lady Kinloss, daughter of the late Duke of Buckingham.

The first house on this site was built by a Temple, but in 1560, before the family had acquired the fee simple of the manor; and a distant descendant, named, like himself, Peter, enclosed for a park some 200 acres of land. Then came Sir Richard Temple, who built the present house and died in 1697; and his son, Lord Cobham, who built anew the front of it and added the wings. The gardens were among the most famous in England, and were described in entire poems when people wrote entire poems on such subjects; but of them and their designers, their score of temples, and their infinity of “points of view,” more in due time. It was Horace Walpole who said that here “Every acre brings to one's mind some instance of the parts or pedantry, of the taste or want of taste, of the ambition or love of fame, or greatness or miscarriages, of those that have inhabited, decorated, planned, or visited the place.”

In the days of the building of Stowe, the Classic had come into fashion, and the builder-owner was a man of large ideas: so that one has a huge regular mansion of yellow stone, over 300 yards in length—to be exact, 916 ft. from east to west. In the southern front the great entrance is in a central building, whose portico is upheld by six tall Corinthian columns; at their feet a flight of steps leads to the flower-garden, which throughout the summer sparkles with many colours along the whole of this side. From east and west of the central block long galleries—if one may use the word without disrespect for a state dining-room and a library well-nigh the most magnificent in the country—run to the wings in which are, respectively, the chapel, the Grenville drawing-room, and a state bed-room,



PALLADIAN BRIDGE, STOWE GARDENS.

Photo by Varney, Buckingham.

conversation turned on events then enacting on the other side of the Channel, upon which Louis Philippe, recollecting his own position with the revolutionists, threw himself upon his knees and begged pardon of his royal uncle for having ever worn the tricoloured cockade.”

The view from the Corinthian Arch is over one of the prettiest of parks. There is an open prospect of lawn and lake, and the immense width of a yellowish house that lies along a hillside a mile away: with, to right and left, little risings and fallings of the ground, masses of shadowy trees, stretches of grassland warm in the sun. Great beeches stand alone, here and there—Buckingham is the county of beech-trees (whence its name, as some etymologists tell us), and here they seem more stately than usual, with a wider shade beneath their drooping branches. Stags contemplate you lazily across the wood walks, hardly moving a yard away as you drive past them; only the innumerable rabbits send away in a perpetual hurry. There never was such a place for rabbits: every turn in the thickets, every prospect of valley or greensward is alive with them.

Leftward from the arch a winding avenue skirts the park, with varying glimpses of all these woodland beauties—and of a pretty duckweed-covered lake (or shall we call it pond?) downhill to the left—till it joins a third avenue, and this the noblest of all. At the point of junction are two lodges, called the Boycott Pavilions—for Boycott was an appanage of Stowe long before it crossed the Irish Channel and became a verb; but the avenue neither begins nor ends here. It stretches full four miles from end to end, from the Lillingstone Road to the lodges at Water Stratford—one of the three Stratfords of Buckinghamshire, Water, Penny, and Stony Stratford—and its only break is that which gives the north front of the house a view over lawn and field and distant valley. Lillingstone Dayrell, as one may note, is the northern boundary of the manor of Stowe, and Water Stratford the southern; to east and west it is bounded by Maid's Morton—with its fine church, built (so they say) by two maiden sisters—and the antique village of Biddlesdon.

And, before looking at the great house of Stowe, we may resume in half-a-dozen lines the history of this ancient manor. Before the Conquest Turgisus had it, who was the son of Baldwin, who was the son of Herlwin.



Photo by Varney, Buckingham.

TEMPLE OF CONCORD AND VICTORY, STOWE GARDENS.

The two trees in the foreground were planted by her Majesty the Queen and the late Prince Consort in 1815.



ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XXXVI. STOWE HOUSE.



THE STATE DINING-ROOM.

*Photo by Varney, Buckingham.*



THE LIBRARY.

*Photo by Varney, Buckingham.*



and the Tapestry and Duchess's drawing-rooms: to give them their ancient names. Beneath these principal rooms an arcade runs along the house; on the roof is a high balustrade; medallions, a great bas-relief, statues, and vases adorn this front, whose fine proportions and breadth of design almost make one forget its immense size.

The north front looks directly upon the park, with no intervening garden. Here the straight line of the building is broken by two curving pillared corridors, standing out from the central block of building; in the middle, broad steps lead to an Ionic portico of four columns; six gateways open into courts and gardens. The main building is on this side three storeys high, and commands a wide and beautiful view, between the great beech-trees to right and left of the lawn, of grassland sloping into the little valley where lies the hamlet of Dodford, and the fields and hedgerows of the hillside beyond.

Within, the great size of the house has been worthily used: its chief rooms—the Marble Saloon, the Dining-room, the Drawing-room, the Library—are hardly surpassed in England. In the very centre of the house, midway between the loggia of the southern front and the north portico, is the Marble Saloon, a great oval, 60 ft. long by 43 ft. in breadth, and more than 56 ft. high—so stately and rich in colour that, looking up at its rounded ceiling, one's mind goes back to that vast dome of St. Sophia, in

Of other rooms in the great house—State bed-rooms, tapestry-rooms, the Music-Room, the Buckingham, Chandos, Grenville, Temple, Nugent rooms—a chapter might be written, but here cannot. The beautiful Chapel in the east wing—not the one used by the house's present occupiers—is wainscoted with cedar: quaint and fine, it has distinctly a character, as well as a beauty, of its own.

Stowe has more than one museum; and that in which are contained the stuffed animals shot by the Duke of Orleans—bears, stags, all manner of the biggest game—can probably boast of a collection unrivalled in the world as the work of one gun. In another museum are animals for the most part killed in Spain by the Comte de Paris.

Of the grounds, those "gardens" famous through two centuries, who can say enough?—though many, on this subject as on others, have easily succeeded in saying too much. Pope's compliment is perhaps the finest, when, wisely instructing the landscape-gardener of his age to "consult the genius of the place in all," he promises that, if this rule be only adhered to, as a reward

Nature shall join you: Time shall make it grow  
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stowe.

Yet the first designer of these gardens worked on very wrong lines, precisely the opposite of those laid down by Pope: he "put Nature into a straight waistcoat," and

Princess Amelia was the guest of the occasion—speaks of "the Temple of Friendship, in which, among twenty memorandums of quarrels, is the bust of Mr. Pitt; Mr. James Grenville is now in the house, whom his uncle disinherited for his attachment to that very Pylades, Mr. Pitt. He broke with Mr. Pope (who is deified in the Elysian Fields) before the inscription for his head was finished. That of Sir John Barnard, which was bespoke by the name of 'a bust of my Lord Mayor,' was, by a mistake of the sculptor, done for Alderman Perry."

Many of these sacred fanes, one must add, stand very beautifully among close trees or by the waterside. The Temple of Concord, backed by a solemn semicircle of evergreens, overlooks a little peaceful valley of long grass. Just beyond, a spreading beech stands on a knoll surrounded by his fellows, and another temple, called the Queen's, looks down upon him. From the fane of Bacchus is a charming view across the lake of the larger temple of Venus, reflected in the waveless waters; and at the two ends of a long field-like lawn, shut in by trees, there front each other the Temple of Friendship and the Queen's Temple—with the Red Building (so called because it is of an uncompromising yellow) midway.

This was that "Gothic building" which Walpole (heretically, as he said) adored: "by some unusual inspiration" Gibbs had made "it pure and venerable; the



Ford, Whip.

Master of the Horse.

Comtesse de Paris.

The Huntsman.

THE WOODNORTON HARRIERS AT STOWE HOUSE.

Constantinople: the measure, to whoever has seen it, of all stateliness in architecture. An extraordinary wealth of ornament adds to the splendour of the gleaming marbles of this room. Above the cornice of the bacchantes and satyrs there winds along a procession of three hundred figures, passing from a triumphal arch, over the hall-door, to a temple, over the Loggia. There are sixteen tall columns of scagliola, their bases and capitals of white marble; and of this same white marble is the pavement—all brought from Eastbury, in Dorsetshire, of whose owner (Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe) the first Earl Temple was the heir.

Through the beautiful drawing-room, with its pilasters of porphyry, its ceiling richly coloured, and its magnificent chimney-piece of white marble from Italy, one passes to a dining-room, more splendid still, seventy-two feet in length, and hung with vast pictures in Brussels tapestry, brilliant in colour. This is, indeed, one of the noblest of rooms; and its fellow, leading westward from the centre building, is a magnificent library—perhaps somewhat de-lirious in style under the present régime, by the liberal distribution of photographs where one should see but books. Here, before the memorable sale, was a collection of 20,000 volumes, chiefly brought together by George, Marquis of Buckingham, and his son, the first Duke; and the famous Grenville Library—the richest present ever made to the British Museum, with the one exception of the King's Library—was at one time intended for this room. It has been hinted that Mr. Grenville "foresaw the ruin impending over Stowe," and held his hand.

ruled his paths, canals, and avenues with geometrical exactness. Kent, however, the "father of modern gardening," took the place in hand, and, following the hints of nature, made of the lakes and lawns and valleys of the park a landscape beautiful and varied; in a word, he destroyed the formality of his predecessor, and added trees and water. Here, too, Lancelot ("Capability") Brown learned his art; and, beginning at the foot of the ladder, came to be the professional discoverer of the "capabilities" of half the park landscapes in England—whence his nickname—and one privileged to "share the private hours of Majesty, dine familiarly with his neighbour of Sion, and sit down to the tables of all the House of Lords."

Who was responsible for all the temples in these grounds we will not too curiously inquire. "Half as many buildings would be too many, but such a profusion gives inexpressible richness," said Horace Walpole; who judged, naturally, by the standard of his time, when a park without its three or four classic temples was a thing unheard of—and nowadays it may be said that one such specimen of this "inexpressible richness" is worth having. Here are a Temple of Concord, another of Friendship, others of the Ancient Virtues and British Worthies; temples to Venus, Bacchus, and other divinities; a grotto, a Cave of Dido; a Doric arch, a Palladian bridge, Elysian Fields, and a Gothic building; monuments to Lord Cobham, General Wolff, Captain Grenville; storied urns and animated busts; countless devices to soothe with the flattery of survivors the "dull cold ear of death." Walpole, in an amusing account of a visit to Lord Temple—in 1770, when the

style had a propensity to the Venetian or Mosque Gothic: and the great column near put one in mind of the Place of St. Mark." This great column was of course the monument to Lord Cobham, who first laid out the gardens, and who surveys his house from an eminence of 115 ft.

A building in the park just now of special interest is the Bourbon Tower—named from the oaks which surround it, and which were planted in 1808 by the Bourbon Princes. It is a round building of hewn stone, with four towers.

It was during 1770 that the Doric arch beside the lawn, built in honour of the Princess, was finished; one may still read the inscription, "Ameliæ Sophiæ Aug.," and can imagine Amelia Sophia "visiting her arch four or five times a day," delighted with the compliment, and—it is only fair to assume—with the charming view, of glade and river and thicket, the lofty, graceful bridge, imitated from the one which Palladio designed at Wilton, and the hillside beyond.

One must repeat it, there are at every turn the most charming glimpses of water and sky and trees, throughout these grounds of Stowe; and, if British temples have had their day, the little shady woodpaths, the patches of green-sward on which great beech-trees stand to sun themselves, the pretty peeps of the vast house, less formal seen through spreading branches, with the old English church in its quiet graveyard within a stone's-throw—all these have a perennial beauty, simple and satisfying. And thus it is that Stowe, with its grandeur of pillared portico and its Buckinghamshire beeches, pleases alike the critics of that Augustan age and our own end of a sophisticated century that yearns for simplicity.

EDWARD ROSE.



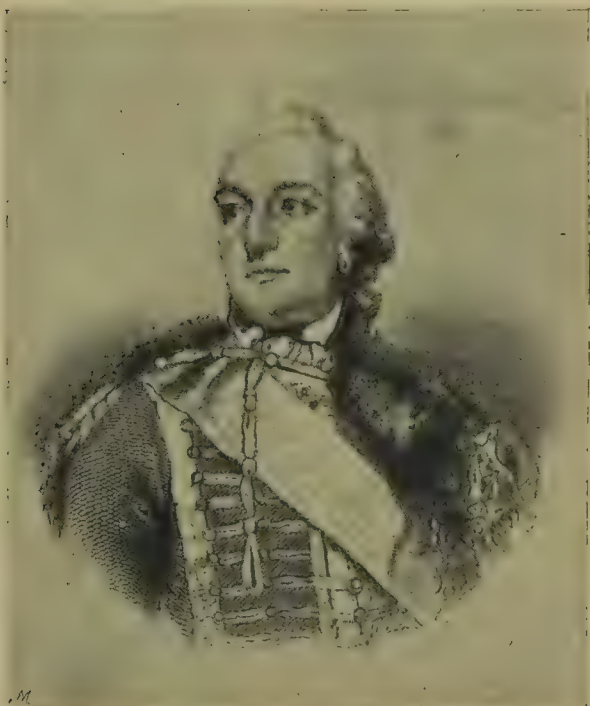
SOME MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF ORLEANS.



ANNE MARIE LOUISE D'ORLEANS, DUCHESS OF MONTPENSIER,  
"LA GRANDE MADemoisELLE."  
Born 1627; Died 1693.



LOUIS PHILIPPE, DUKE OF ORLEANS, AFTERWARDS KING, TEACHING GEOGRAPHY AT A BOYS' SCHOOL DURING HIS EXILE.



LOUIS PHILIPPE JOSEPH, DUKE OF ORLEANS,  
CITIZEN "PHILIPPE EGALITE."  
Born 1747; Guillotined 1793.



HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS, DAUGHTER OF KING  
CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND. BORN AT EXETER 1644;  
MARRIED 1661, PHILIPPE, DUKE OF ORLEANS, ONLY BROTHER  
OF KING LOUIS XIV.



LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH 1830 TO 1848,  
GRANDFATHER OF THE COMTE DE PARIS.  
Born 1773; Died 1850.



CHARLES, SECOND DUKE OF ORLEANS OF THE VALOIS LINE.  
WOUNDED AT AGINCOURT, 1415;  
REMAINED A PRISONER IN ENGLAND FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.  
Born 1391; Died 1465.



PHILIPPE DE BOURBON, DUKE OF ORLEANS,  
SON OF KING LOUIS XIII.  
Born 1640; Died 1701.



FERDINAND PHILIPPE LOUIS CHARLES HENRI, DUKE OF ORLEANS,  
FATHER OF THE COMTE DE PARIS.  
Born 1810; Died 1842.



## A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

Putting my latchkey in the door, and musing over Sarah Grand's story in the *New Review*—that remarkable story of the painter whose studio is invaded by the Advanced Woman passing herself off as a model, and teaching him, weak, typical man, his proper place—I was not aware of a stranger on the doorstep till a musical voice said, "Don't you want a literary adviser?"

There was a distinctly sarcastic ring in the question, and yet I checked the impulse to reply "Not to-day," as I should have done to the muffin-man or to a vendor of



LORD RIMBLESDALE, MASTER OF THE QUEEN'S BUCKHOUNDS.  
From "Harper's Magazine."

matches. To be quite frank, I was subdued at once by the stranger's eye. She was not particularly good-looking, but there was about her an air of command, and even of threat, which inspired instant deference.

When I opened the door, she passed in before me without hesitation, and hung up her hat—a soft felt hat—none of your diaphanous gimcracks from the milliner's window. Entering my work-room, she sat instinctively in the most comfortable chair, and as I stood before her with some misgiving, she said, not unkindly, "You may sit down."

"I suppose you are the—the—" I began.

"The Advanced Woman? What penetration! O man, man, what a funny creature you are! Yes," she added, drawing off her gloves with decision, "I have taken men in hand. I have been to a painter, as you may have heard, and explained to him his business. He has no soul. Neither have you; but I shall endeavour to instil into you some breath of a higher life."

"Instil!" I repeated with a sigh of relief; "I am glad it isn't—hem!"

"You mean spank! Ah! I do that too, but to the young, not the middle-aged. I'm forming a visiting connection with nurseries, and the howls of the male infants are the music of progress, the symphony of regeneration. But with you my errand is different. You seem to have here a great mass of rubbish." She turned an impatient hand over my papers.

"Yes," I said meekly. "There are the month's periodicals—quite beneath your notice."

"Not at all. Till the day arrives when the entire universe of mind shall be organised and directed by women, it is necessary that I should impart to man in the tasks which he is so incompetent to perform as much instruction as his feeble brain can assimilate. You have read these

magazines, I presume; now say your lesson, and don't lag. I have an appointment with my tailor in half an hour."

"Your tailor!" I murmured in some confusion.

"Yes; this skirt, you see, is only a disguise to lull silly man into a false security. The downfall of his monopoly of cylinders is at hand. Next Sunday an immense demonstration of women, which has been secretly organised, will be held in Hyde Park, and at a given signal a hundred thousand skirts will drop and disclose—"

"Please don't," I said feebly, burying my face in the *Nineteenth Century*.

"A hundred thousand pairs of knickerbockers! Dear me! I didn't know a man could blush. Well, I am particularly anxious that my knickerbockers, on which all eyes will be fixed—"

"My dear Madam, pray let me read to you Mr. Gladstone on theology!"

"Gladstone! Our arch-enemy! Never! Now for a demonstration in Hyde Park, the costume of a leader of thought ought to be striking; so I have invented a braid which—"

"Ought women to smoke?" I asked desperately. "Mrs. Frederic Harrison says—"

"Wife of another enemy, poor creature! My good man, the question of smoking for women is no longer in the van. It is one of the trivialities of emancipation; but in Hyde Park, when a hundred thousand knicker—"

"What do you think of Geoffrey Drago's reply to Mrs. Sidney Webb?"

"He is an example of the rude barbarism of your sex. Now the manners of the Advanced Woman are perfect. She does not argue, and she never contradicts. Controversy belongs to the primitive ages. Woman has no occasion to reason; she simply wills."

"There is a good deal about China and Japan in the *Reviews*. Here is Henry Norman in the *Contemporary* on the wickedness and imbecility of the Chinese."

"Does he speak of the servile condition of their women? No! Then what possible interest can his opinions have for me?"

"Well, there's an article in *Harper's* about riding to hounds in England."

"But look at the woman in the picture in an old-fashioned riding-habit, and an old-fashioned side-saddle! Man, man, is this advancement? Woman cannot be free till she sits across her horse in a rational dress. I have designed an entirely new costume for riding, and after that great day, when a hundred thousand—"

"Yes, of course; but what about the Anarchists? One of them says in the *Fortnightly* that Ravachol was a noble creature who strangled misers and robbed tombs to provide money for the poor. And Mr. Donisthorpe holds in the *New Review* that all will be ill with society till the police keep order just for the love of the thing."

"Order! I hate the word!" said the Advanced Woman irritably. "It was invented by man simply to taunt women with their physical weakness."

"But you have your revenge in the fiction of the month. Max Pemberton's jewel-dealer in the *English Illustrated* is hypnotised by a woman into the belief that she can make sapphires."

"Man, man! do you think we succeed only by trickery?"

"Heaven forbid!" I said hastily. "You succeed by the exercise of superior moral strength. I am glad to say this is what George Gissing shows in a capital story—"

"Gissing! He does not appreciate the intellect of emancipated women."

"Perhaps not; but man comes out badly in this number of the *English Illustrated*. What with Barry Pain's fickle tenor and Gilbert Burgess's original lunatic—"

"Have they anything to do with the great march of liberty?"

"No, but Zangwill says in the *Pall Mall Magazine* that cynicism is over, and 'sentiment has come again.' And here's a particular piece of news for you. In the *Idler*, Ella Hepworth Dixon actually declares that if the Average Man wants to marry the Advanced Woman, he won't find it difficult."

She rose from her chair with a mien that was positively magnificent.

"Average Man," she said in her low deep tones, "I know this is your insidious way of making a proposal. It is re-ject-ed!" And with a gesture, the like of which I have never seen on the stage, she swept out of the house. L. F. AUSTIN.

The excavations carried out during the past season at Abœ in Phocis by the British School of Archaeology have yielded results of considerable interest. The sanctuary of Apollo at this place was the seat of an oracle which enjoyed a high reputation throughout ancient Greece and was consulted by Croesus, Mardonius, and other historical personages. The temple, which was enriched with many costly votive offerings, was looted by the Persian invaders, and was again plundered by the Thebans during the Sacred War. The works of art, of which we have record as existing here, were probably carried away by the Thebans. The site, however, of the ancient sanctuary has been explored, as well as that of a later temple, erected by the Emperor Hadrian. These buildings appear to have stood within a sacred peribolos or enclosure, surrounded by a wall of carefully worked polygonal masonry. The foundations of both temples have been laid bare, as well as those of a long double stoa. Inside the temenos were found some bronze bowls of Cypriot and Phœnician workmanship, dating from at least the sixth century B.C. Some fragments of an inscription recording the restoration of the older temple in Roman times were also discovered. At Hyampolis many inscriptions have been found, with a shrine of Artemis, mentioned by Pausanias, where peculiar rites were yearly celebrated.

## A TRIUMPH FOR MR. HALL CAINE.

*The Manxman*. By Hall Caine. One vol. (London: William Heinemann).—One hardly likes to describe "The Manxman" as the novel of the season, or even as the novel of the year. Either of those descriptions would seem to anticipate for it a success less permanent than its great qualities should secure for it. "The novel of the season" does not always see the season's end; "the novel of the year" is apt to be forgotten before the leaves have changed their colour. "The Manxman" has come for a longer sojourn. Some of its reviewers, in a hurry to shut down the lid of the inkpot for the holidays, have said there is a little too much of it. I should almost as soon turn to exclaim against the length of "Madame Bovary" or "Anna Karenina." With both these great books, indeed, Mr. Hall Caine's work has much in common—the absorbing interest of the principal story, the elemental strength of the passions concerned in it, the minute and intimate local life amid the little humours of which the leading characters play their tragic parts. The theme, too, upon which the story is constructed is most simple, as simple as Flaubert's or Tolstoi's; and in the plot itself there is just as little artifice. Quite early in the book one begins to perceive the direction in which fate must inevitably carry the trio of "tragic comedians," Kitty and her trustful Pete, and Philip the beloved of fortune. But if the scheme of "The Manxman" contains no greater surprise than is furnished by one of the most familiar stories in the Bible, there is nothing trivial, conventional, or old-fashioned in Mr. Caine's manner of unfolding it. He has had a courage equal to his task, and he has succeeded where any lack of daring would have landed him in failure. The art of the book, too, is so sure, and it is written with such an intense and burning sincerity, that it escapes offence absolutely, even in the most delicate and poignant passages. Fine and conscientious as the workmanship is in every chapter, there are many scenes which will be especially remembered. In the marriage of Kate and Pete, for instance, with Philip pale and



A KILL WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSETSHIRE STAGBONDS.  
From "Harper's Magazine."

trembling in the part of best man; in the scene in which Pete, deserted by his wife, tries to make the guilty Philip believe that she has not deserted him; and, above all, in the scene where Pete, sitting at Philip's bedside, hears his delirious confession of the fearful wrong he has done him, the reader's mind goes back with an aching sense to the beautiful episode of Pete and Philip, cousins and boys together, playing pirates in the cave by the sea. There are many dramatic contrasts in "The Manxman" which show the skill of the craftsman in alliance with the creative imagination of the artist, as in the return of Pete from the sea on the day and almost in the hour when Kate and Philip first realise their treachery towards the absent lover; in the scene in the court-house, where Philip has to try Kate for attempted suicide; in the deeply touching episode of the forged letter, which Pete makes Philip read; and in nearly all the later scenes between these two, the outraged but unsuspicious husband, and the cousin and friend who—by no means wholly base—has smirched his honour. There is a feature of "The Manxman" which comes as a welcome surprise. It is the humour, rich yet simple, which gives so fresh a charm to, and makes so lifelike the scenes wherein the lesser personages of the story have their part. Kitty's father, Caesar Cregeen, innkeeper and local preacher, a fiery zealot with a touch of the conscious hypocrite, is a character new in English fiction, and a choice addition to its portrait gallery; while the gossips of Caesar's tap-room—the constable, the barber, the postman, and the thatcher—form a chorus only less humorous than Mr. Hardy's in "Far from the Madding Crowd," with, perhaps, an added touch of nature. The dialect, which is obviously veracious, abounds in quaint and novel turns, and has an occasional Irish echo. In these side-scenes, as one may term them, there is reflected a whole new aspect of British life—remote, self-contained, complete in itself, with traditions sturdy and deep-rooted. The scenic portions of the story will add to its interest for readers who appreciate the Isle of Man.—TIGHE HOPKINS.



THORN-HEDGE AND DITCH.  
From "Harper's Magazine."



## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A Congress of Old Catholics has been held at Rotterdam. As might have been expected, the Dutch element was larger than at previous gatherings of the kind. English Churchmen were not present in great numbers. The Old Catholics are not formally in communion with Anglicans, and they consider the action of the Church of England in all its branches as altogether outside their limits. The Swiss Old Catholic Church in its vernacular literature struck out the *Filioque*. The *Guardian* thinks the Church of England cannot assent to this, although at some future time a better formula may be devised.

The Bishop of Salisbury, who recently sustained a severe bereavement, is leaving for New Zealand on Nov. 21, and hopes to return by way of Canada about the end of March. He will travel with the Rev. Frederic Wallace, the Bishop-elect of Wellington, who is at present one of his examining chaplains, and will take part in the new Bishop's consecration.

The Dean of Llandaff, who is now staying at St. Ives, is about to publish the concluding volume of his sermons in the Temple.

Canon Scott Holland comes out as a humorist in the September number of *Goodwill*, to which he contributes an article on "St. Paul's in September." He thus describes a party of visitors to the cathedral: "Here comes the mothers' meeting from Little Snorum. Stout and strong, these Midland mothers! They have nearly broken the back of dear Mrs. Flutterings, the Vicar's lady, who gallantly beats up against the wind, with bonnet awry and with coat bedraggled, still pointing the way onward to new victories. She is just in the act of assuring the mothers that the statue of Bishop Middleton confirming the Hindoo lady and gentleman, in the south aisle, represents the creation of Adam and Eve."

The late Rev. John Hamilton Thom, who died at the age of eighty-six last week in Liverpool, was one of the most able and distinguished among English Unitarian ministers. He was the lifelong friend of Dr. Martineau, and was in close connection with a brilliant band of literary men who wrote in the *Prospective Review* and its successor, the *National Review*. These included R. H. Hutton, Walter Bagehot, and W. C. Roscoe. Mr. Thom wrote "The Life of Blanco White," but he is, perhaps, best known as the author of two fine volumes of sermons, entitled "Laws of Life after the Mind of Christ." Mr. Thom's last public address was at the opening of the new building of the Liverpool Domestic Mission in November 1892. He spoke for forty minutes, after which some younger hearers at the back of the audience began to show impatience. Mr. Thom at first did not notice them, but when he did he broke off with a wonderfully pathetic peroration, beginning "One year older than the Laureate, two years older than the Premier, I may, perhaps, be pardoned."

The Bishop of Winchester has been giving advice on holidays in his usual racy style. He says that an author known to him has on three several occasions used holidays for putting a book together, which, perhaps, helps to account for the books being found even by his own family so unutterably dull. This must cause great searchings of heart among Bishop Thorold's literary friends, including "A. K. H. B." Bishop Thorold recommends the following books for the holidays: Farrar on "The Hebrews," Moule on "The Romans," Phillips Brooks's sermons, Dean Church's "Miscellaneous Essays," Morley's "Rousseau," Horace, "Aurora Leigh," Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Tales," Pearson's "National Life and Character," Dumas' "Three Musketeers." This is a fine mixture, and reminds me of a travelling experience. I once journeyed to Rome in the company of a gentleman who, as I afterwards found out, was the head master of one of the great public schools. He had two books—a Greek New Testament and an American story called "Mr. Potter of Texas." He read these alternately, giving a quarter of an hour to each, and laughed immoderately over "Mr. Potter of Texas." Envy his amusement, I purchased "Mr. Potter of Texas" later on, and I have never been able to understand what the head master found in it to laugh at.

The Royal Commission appointed last year to inquire into the mode of identification of habitual criminals having reported favourably on the Bertillon system, the Commissioners of Prisons have decided to adopt the anthropometrical system of measurement of criminals. The system will be worked in connection with the present system of identification. From various prisons officers have been already ordered to attend at her Majesty's Prison, Pentonville, to receive instructions from Dr. Garson.

On Wednesday, Sept. 5, a captive gas-balloon, which had, for experimental purposes, been sent up at the School of Military Ballooning at Aldershot, and was secured by a wire cable 200 ft. in length, was struck by lightning, the balloon destroyed, and three sappers who were about to haul it down were burned by the electric discharge. Fortunately, there was no person aloft in the car. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were on the ground, and saw this occurrence.

Each year it becomes more difficult adequately to describe that festival of fireworks known familiarly as "Brock's Benefit." One is tempted to coin a special word comprehending the whole affair under the title of brilliant "Brockery." About fifty thousand people exhausted their adjectives on Sept. 7, at the Crystal Palace, when Messrs. Brock excelled their previous records by a magnificent pyrotechnic display. Several of the items were, on this occasion, duplicated in order that the vast multitude might have equal opportunities of admiring them. The devices which illustrated quotations from Shakespeare were received very enthusiastically, and the juveniles heartily appreciated the procession of animals and the game of "Noughts and Crosses." The night was calm, and there was no hitch to mar the excellent arrangements to which one has become accustomed in the Crystal Palace.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J W SCOTT (Newark).—We regret it is not up to our standard.

MARTIN F.—Thanks for suggestion, but it is one not easy to put in practice.

A S ROPER (Huddersfield).—White obviously has a won game.

E J GORE.—No. 1 is too simple, and in No. 2 there is no mate if Black play B to K 4th (ch).

J M K LUTTON (Richmond).—Q to B sq affords another solution to your problem.

R W SEATON.—Your problem is correct in its main play, but the variations are very defective, and altogether mar its value.

LILIAN BAIRD.—Your problem is an admirable composition, and is certainly a very clever performance for a young lady not yet in her teens.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2623 received from D A Lomer (Belgrano); of No. 2628 from Siposs Etelka a Sipi (Koloovar); of No. 2629 from Frank Davies (Newcastle Emlyn), and Eszterhazy Sándornak (Kassau); of No. 2630 from E Arthur (Buxton), C Jones (Paris), C Butcher, jun. (Botesdale), H B Hurford, J F Moon, J Bailey (Newark), R Worters (Canterbury), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), M A Eyre, J E Hubbell (Sheffield), and C E Perugini.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2631 received from E Louden, T Roberts, J W Scott (Newark), Hereward, J Dixon, R Worters (Canterbury), C E Perugini, Shadforth, C D (Camberwell), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), H B Hurford, Dr F St, H S Brandreth, Ubique, M Burke, H F W Lane (Stroud), R H Brooks, E B Poord (Cheltenham), Sorrento, G Joicy, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), J Coad, E E H, Admiral Brandreth, W Wright, F Glanville, J D Tucker (Leeds), W P Hind, A H B, Edward J Sharpe, W David (Cardiff), and T G (Ware).

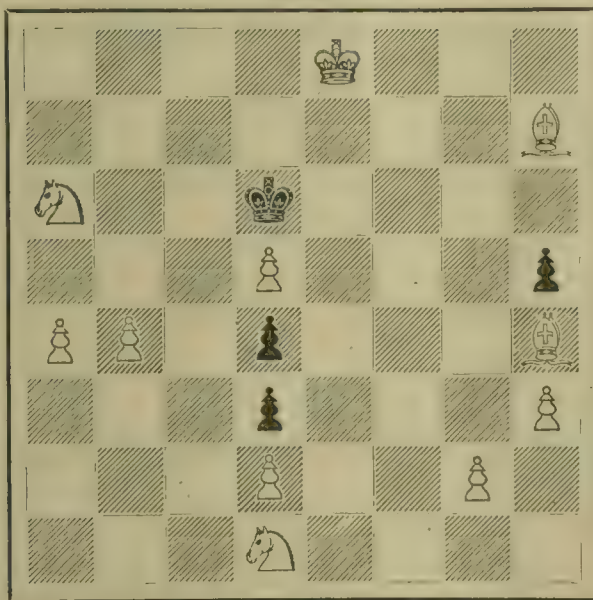
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2630.—By A. GUEST.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to Kt 5th K to K 4th  
2. K to Kt 6th K takes P or moves  
3. Kt mates accordingly.

## PROBLEM No. 2633.

By MISS LILIAN BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Staats Zeitung Tourney between Messrs. SHOWALTER and PILLSBURY.

(Ponziani's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. Kt to K 5th	R to B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	21. B to K 5th	B to B sq.
3. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q 4th	22. B takes R	P takes B
4. Q to R 4th	P to B 3rd	23. Kt to B 4th	Q to B 2nd
5. B to Kt 5th	K Kt to K 2nd	24. Kt to R 5th	Q to Kt 3rd
6. P takes P	Q takes P	25. Kt to B 6th (ch)	
7. Castles	P to K 5th		
8. B takes Kt (ch)	Kt takes B		
9. R to K sq	P to K B 4th		
10. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd		
11. Q to B 2nd	Castles (Q R)		
12. K Kt to Q 2nd	B to Q 3rd		
13. Q Kt to R 3rd			

There is no objection to a doubled Pawn on the Rook's file, under the circumstances, as Black has Castled Queen's side, and the file would be opened for attack, Black's Queen's Bishop being disposed of.

13. Q R to K sq  
14. P to Q Kt 4th R to K 3rd  
15. K Kt to B 4th R to Kt 3rd  
16. Kt takes B (ch) Q takes Kt  
17. Kt to B 4th Q to K 3rd  
18. Q to Kt 3rd  
Threatens a piece by P to Q 5th (ch). The Queen cannot take the Pawn with K at B sq. The play is, all through, subtle and forcible.  
18. K to Kt sq  
19. P to Kt 5th Kt to K 2nd

Another game in the same tourney between Messrs. ALBIN and SHOWALTER.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 3rd	10. Castles	P takes B P
2. P to Q 4th	P to Kt 3rd	11. B takes P	P to Kt 4th
3. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	12. B to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd
4. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	13. Kt to R 3rd	Kt to Q Kt 3rd
5. Kt to K 2nd	P to K 4th	14. Kt to Q Kt 5th	K to Q sq
6. P to K B 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)	15. B takes P	
7. P to Kt 3rd	Q to R 6th	16. Kt takes Kt P	Resigns
8. Kt to Kt sq	Q to K 3rd		
9. Kt to B 3rd	P to K R 3rd		

We believe this move will usually be found unsatisfactory if the Fianchetto P to Kt 3rd is to follow.

A curious move, the idea of which was good, but practically it was a waste of time.

The *Women's Signal* for Aug. 30 contains an interesting interview with Mrs. W. J. Baird, on whom it bestows the complimentary title of "Queen of Chess." It must be owned, however, that a formidable rival is growing up beside her in the person of her own daughter, if we may augur anything of that young lady's future from the problem we publish above.

At Derby, on Sept. 5, by the sudden collapse of a portion of the old infirmary buildings, in course of removal, four labourers were killed, and another received injuries likely to prove mortal.

A dreadful series of domestic crimes has been exposed in Belgium. On demand of the Public Prosecutor, the Chamber of Indictments has committed Madame Joniaux, of Antwerp, for trial on the charge of having poisoned her sister, Mlle. Leonie Ablay, her brother, M. Alfred Ablay, and her uncle, M. Van der Kerckhove.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

There is a charming photograph of the Duke of York with his baby in his arms, and such a nice fatherly expression on his countenance! May it encourage other young fathers to take an open and admitted interest in their babies! It is a much wanted lesson. The sight that we see here on all holidays of the working classes, of a mother toiling along weighted with a heavy babe in her arms and one but little larger dragging by her skirts, while the father strolls by their side unheeding their fatigue, is one hardly ever seen in France. The French working man, it is true, does not deaden his interest in his own paternal position by having what the late Lord Derby called "devastating hordes of children," but he is immensely proud and openly fond of and attentive to those that he does have, and would not dream of leaving the carrying of the child to his wife during a long day of holiday. The ordinary insular young father would consider himself made ridiculous by being photographed holding an infant in long clothes; and the continuance of that foolish "mauvaise honte" is a dislike to associate himself closely with his smaller children out of doors.

Parental sense of responsibility and duty is one of the sentiments that most wants to be cultivated in this country, and until it is improved there can be little rise in general prosperity. It is an appalling fact that, according to the President of the Local Government Board, there were on Jan. 1 last no fewer than 249,000 little children getting support from the Poor Law. Some of these are, of course, orphans, but a very large proportion are children whose parents are living, and have taken on themselves a responsibility that they either cannot or will not meet. However, the poor children are only the blameless victims of this social wickedness, and it certainly behoves us all—for they are under society's care—to see that they do not needlessly suffer for a position that is no fault of theirs. The shocking case of cruelty at a certain workhouse school recently before the courts has quickened public interest in the fate of these poor children of the State, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre has promised to hold some inquiry into the best method of providing for them. It seems that there are close on 70,000 children in the various workhouse institutions (the balance are having outdoor relief), and of these 70,000 only 5465 are "boarded out." This is not so easy a system to manage as to aggregate the children in huge schools, since it needs the formation of local voluntary committees who will undertake to select (in the villages of the district where the members of the committee live) suitable cottagers to receive the children for a fixed payment weekly. The children go to the school of the neighbourhood and live as though at home, with foster-parents of their own class. If the foster-mother be a good woman, the child will be made to feel at home. But the ladies' and gentlemen's committees must regularly visit the children in the cottage homes; and must not do this perfunctorily, but must even strip the little ones sometimes to see that they are clean, not bruised, and not gaunt from privation. Unless such committees will do such work the danger of the children being ill-used when "boarded-out" is even greater than it is in the big schools. But if a committee can be found to do the work conscientiously, it is abundantly proved that the children do far better—intellectually, morally, and in regard to health—by being placed in cottage homes and attending an ordinary day school than they can do even in the best governed of huge barrack schools. It is such tasks that should be undertaken by ladies of leisure. If committees could be formed and relied on in most parts of the country this difficulty of the children of the State would be far on to settlement. The initiative, however, must be taken in Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's department.

Eggs have been more remarkably cheap this season in the country than most housewives can remember. It is a pity that so few English people either know, or will take the trouble to do, what is needful to preserve eggs when they are plentiful for use when they are scarce. In towns, they can always be had, but in the country, away from shops, it is difficult to get an egg in the winter, while in the warm weather there is a glut. The following is an easy and reliable method of storing eggs for a considerable time: Place the eggs as you get them new-laid in a stone jar or crock, packing them against each other to keep the small ends downwards. They can be put in as they are gathered up, and left a week or two (not more) till the vessel is well filled. Then take, for every twelve dozen eggs, two quarts of newly slacked lime, one quart of common salt, and three ounces of cream of tartar. Pour over these enough warm water to cover the eggs in the vessel, and let it stand till the salts are dissolved, or nearly so, and also till all heat has gone out of the fluid, then stir it up well, and pour it slowly over the eggs so as completely to cover them. Lay a heavy cloth or canvas many times folded over all, so as to hold down the eggs under the brine, and keep them in a cool dry cellar. These eggs will remain good till the time of plenty comes round.

A use for them that is not generally known is as an immediate application for burns. Long before the all-pervading "microbe" was the subject of perpetual talk it was well known that a most essential point of treatment was to keep the air completely excluded from a burn, and no more than that is known now. Bandages alone will not do this; some air-excluding dressing is needed; and for a burn that is not too large no much better immediate treatment can be had (if medical aid is not instantly ready) than to separate the whites from the yolks of some eggs, and paint the whites over the hurt surface with a camel's-hair brush or a feather; then cover the place, egg and all, thickly with rag, and then cotton wool, and do not uncover till a doctor comes, or till a week has elapsed if no medical advice is available. This is for an emergency, if nothing special is ready; but in every household there should be a bottle standing in an accessible place, containing a mixture of equal parts of linseed oil and lime-water, and tied round its neck should be some rags, while there should be these instructions pasted on it: "In case of burns, soak rag in the oil, and cover the place completely, and then cover the rags with a thick bandage." If a cook has this at hand, and at once uses it for even a severe splash of boiling fat, the injury will probably leave no trace in a few days.





TWO LITTLE EMIGRANTS.

THE HON. DUDLEY AND ARCHIE HAMILTON GORDON, SONS OF THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

By MADAME LOUISA STARR CANZIANI.



## WHY NOT TAX LITERATURE?

BY ANDREW LANG.

A great financial idea dawns on me. Why not tax literature? Of course I do not include newspapers as literature: first, because they are not literature; next, because they are very powerful when united. The first axiom of finance is to tax people who cannot help themselves. Till recently the People was taxed; and, in France at least, the privileged classes really were privileged. But now the People can take care of itself very well, and the rich or comfortable are helpless. But of all classes the literary class are the smallest and the least gifted with power of resistance. To rain taxes on the literary classes is, therefore, an obvious financial expedient. Besides, books are not necessities, they are luxuries, with which even the rich have long learned to dispense. Among the millions of English, only 100,000 buy even the most popular novel. Here, then, is a class very small, very powerless, and, consequently, richly deserving to be taxed. I know the kind of objections that will be raised; they are practically contemptible.

Our fathers taxed literature soundly. In the *Edinburgh Review* for June 1831, I find a few statistics. The taxes were on paper and advertisements. Let us stick them on again; of course, not on paper for newspapers nor on advertisements in newspapers, because newspapers are not literature, and again, because they can take care of themselves, and will not stand it. But authors, publishers, and readers of books are a feeble folk.

Paper paid 3d. a lb. and pasteboard £1. 8s. a cwt. Advertisements were taxed 100 per cent., but, as we cannot tax newspaper advertisements, we can make little out of this resource. Indeed, in the palmiest days, this tax only yielded about £180,000 *per annum*.

The working of the tax on books was far more satisfactory. Take an octavo of 500 pages sold at 12s. a copy—

Printing	... ..	£88	18	0
Paper	... ..	38	10	0
Boarding	... ..	10	0	0
Advertising	... ..	40	0	0

Say 475 copies sell at 8s. 5d.—

This produces	... ..	£199	17	11
Deduct cost	... ..	177	8	0

Profit to author and publisher £22 9 11

Now, while author and publisher divide, let us say equally, that sum, what do you suppose the State got in these really enlightened years? Why, £31 16s. 6d. If 1000 copies sold, the producers got £150 12s. 3d.; the State was fobbed off with £53 13s. 2d. But, when Sir Walter Scott was charged with income-tax on literary profits, he successfully resisted the demand. We cannot do that, of course. If I make £500 by my pen in 1892, and nothing in 1893 and 1894, I have still, as I understand, to pay income-tax on what I do not possess. This is well, very well. This is doing business on proper principles. But what I complain of is that my publishers and I are not also taxed, as of old, on our books in the rough, as well as on our profits on our books. I cannot see how we could resist the old taxes, combined with the new. The paper-makers, of course, might raise an agitation; that perhaps is the reason why literature is not taxed. I also foresee a difficulty with school books and scientific works, for men of science are potent people. But scientific treatises and schoolbooks are not literature, and do not enter into my financial proposal. The beauty of the old scheme was that, even in the sale of 1000 copies "the duties may be said invariably to exceed all remuneration the author can reasonably expect to obtain for his labour." Thus, out of £150 12s. 3d. for author and publisher, the author collared less than the £53 13s. 2d. of the duties. Mr. Besant's attention is asked for these figures.

The gentle reader will observe that the person who suffered most was the Unpopular Author, a wretch who deserves no sympathy. Of "The Antiquary," in three volumes, at, I think, £2 2s., "six thousand went off in the first six days," which demonstrates that the duties did not interfere with popular books, the only books deserving of our respect. I doubt if even of "Marcella" 6000 copies were sold in six days, though I hope I am mistaken. Of "She" the advertisements state that 93,000 copies have been sold in England. There would have been pretty pickings for Sir William Harcourt. Again, Scott's literary income tax in 1816 (if he had paid it) would have been £200. At sixpence in the pound, this represents £4000, when he had only published two novels. The paper tax and the advertisement tax still left him with that bloated income. It was the Unpopular Author who paid for all. Perhaps, of his wretched edition of 1000, he sold few or none. He had to pay all the same. That "larned him to be a toad," and to devote his time and energies to unpopular literature. "Such cases are of everyday occurrence," says the *Edinburgh Review*; but did the taxes prevent unpopular authors from persevering? Not at all. If such cases were of everyday occurrence, unpopular authors must have been publishing every day. This circumstance, I own, deprives my plan, my financial scheme, of one of its greatest apparent merits. It might be expected, by persons who do not know the profession of letters, to keep down the production of essays, histories, poetry, and such novels as do not "catch on."

Nay, I can hear the objector actually arguing that essayists, historians, poets, and novelists ought not to be discouraged by taxation; that immortal works, to be "discovered late" by posterity, would thus be kept down. But posterity never discovers what contemporaries neglect. On the other hand, posterity neglects what contemporaries discovered. The case of "Paradise Lost" (if anyone reads "Paradise Lost") is the rare exception which only proves the general rule. This is unimportant, because the Unpopular Author was not discouraged. He published every day, and sweetly he had to pay for his industry. The *Edinburgh* argued that all this kind of thing was a shame. Tax hats, and the money comes out of the consumer's pocket, because people must have hats. But "books are luxuries" which the world can wag on without. Even the rich wait for a new book from the circulating libraries till they forget its existence. For this I praise the circulating libraries. Their simple plan is just to "joul and let the jaw go by"—that is, not to purchase a book in sufficient quantity, well knowing that, in three weeks, the people who fancied that they wanted to read it will no longer remember its existence. As they never see it, they cannot recommend it to their friends, and thus it perishes, and the unpopular person who wrote it has his pains for his reward. This works thoroughly well, as against the author; but note, he would pay his tax just as much as if he were in high success. Income-tax, of course, he does not pay, except on some successful work for which he has ceased to receive any dividend. The merit of my scheme is that if a man is a successful author you can tax his income, but if he is unsuccessful you tax him all the same. On the present deplorable system, you only get taxes out of the rare minority of authors—those who succeed. By combining income tax with a tax on literature you hit authors with both barrels. Yet nothing can discourage these patriotic men. It is needless to add that the old Whig journal gave away its case when it admitted that literature is a luxury. Why, that is the very reason—the imperative moral reason—why literature should be taxed. "Of the books published," says the *Edinburgh*, "one-fourth do not pay their expenses, and only one in eight or ten can be reprinted with advantage." Yet people bought books far more freely in these years than now, partly because newspapers and rag-bags of snippets were not so common, partly because circulating libraries had not arisen to crush out the Unpopular Author. "What is there so very obnoxious about authors?" asks the *Edinburgh*, with simple candour? Why, the beggar is weak and tedious. Nobody wants his information, and he cannot help himself. He is the very fellow to fling a financial half-brick at with impunity and general applause. The *Edinburgh* fancied that by repealing the book tax "sound information" would be diffused "among the lowest ranks and orders of the people." The book-tax has been repealed, but no rank or order has taken much advantage of this to fasten greedily on "sound information." The "informational" author is less read than ever, and he is a very proper and unrequiring subject for taxation.

## OF THE TRUE MARRIAGE.

Unto His servant on a day

The Lord revealed His hidden way:

He said: "Within this city great

Where sin still slays the Lamb of God,

What dost thou think I contemplate

For comfort when I look abroad?"

His servant answered: "Yonder church

Crowded at Mass-time to the porch."

The Lord replied: "Not so"; and then,

His servant guessed to make Him glad

The priest where he sat shriving men;

The wounded healed; the orphan clad;

The widow's tears wiped off; the poor

Fed from another's little store.

And then he guessed the saint who died

Last night; Fra Leo, vigil-pale,

Painting the wings of Heaven; Christ's bride

New-wed, beneath her shadowy veil;

The grey cross in the market-place

With children playing at its base.

He guessed most things of earth and heaven:

The Convent garden and the doves;

The Western sky aflame at even;

The mountains and the orange groves;

The sea that moaned away and prayed:

And yet the Lord God shook His head.

He said: "Lo, in thy city I see

A wife and husband, full of love,

Whose lives in loving harmony

Are set all death and change above.

I see: and leaning from My place,

I bless them in their hidden grace.

Whose love and peace and sweet accord

Comfort Me greatly": said the Lord.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Studies which have for their object the elucidation of the action of mind upon body, and *vice versa*, have always possessed a fascination for scientists. The reason for this devotion to the problems of body and mind is not difficult to determine. Apart from the interest everybody feels in the endeavour to make plain the pathways of the brain's action, it would be wonderful indeed if we felt no curiosity regarding the manner in which our movements are controlled; and how the behests of the will are regulated and ordered. Again, in such studies we approach that borderland between science and superstition, the investigation of which is always interesting, if, as often as not, it is also unsatisfactory. This is the borderland wherein the ghost-seekers pick their steps, where the spiritualist and the raiser of wraiths meet in happy concord, where the second-sight seers dwell, and where the quacks who profess to reveal the future find their happy hunting-grounds. A territory, this, where fancy is very free, and where science has to strike out right and left with blows trenchant and firm. A borderland where the motto of the wise is to prove all things, and wherein the foolish adopt the adage of believing everything, and most of all that which is impossible.

These remarks of mine spring from a double cause and origin. First, I have before me a letter from a valued correspondent, whose courtesy, while disagreeing with many opinions of mine, I desire gratefully to acknowledge. In this letter he suggests that scientists, as a whole, are too much given to insist upon "proof indisputable" in cases where "a cautious belief," to quote my friend's words, "is at least justifiable." He is referring, I may say, to the natural antipathy of scientists to accord any support to the idea that ghosts and spectres may possess in certain cases "a substratum of reality." This is following out Mr. Andrew Lang's views, unless I am much mistaken. My friend's suggestion is incompatible with any regard for scientific accuracy, which, I take it, we are all aiming at as a kind of *summum bonum* in researches of the kind referred to. Either you desire to be certain about things, or you do not desire such certainty. To be content with something which partakes of the nature of a "maybe" is neither philosophic nor soul-satisfying. Therefore, I hold, it is better to say "I don't know," and simply to wait for further light, than merely to bolster up one theory by another supposition. Believe what you like, only don't quarrel with scientists if they prefer to adopt the expectant method in preference to explaining one belief by what is only a repetition of the same unsupported notion or idea.

So much for my friend. The second item, which suggested an incursion into the realms of mental physiology, came to hand in the shape of an item of news regarding a curious study in the "memory of movement." This piece of research was undertaken by Dr. Schneider, of Dorpat, and has for its aim and object the task of showing how a lapse of time affected the memory and recollection of certain given movements. Here a person's right arm was duly fixed so that the wrist alone was permitted freely to move. A pencil was fixed to the forefinger, by way of marking on paper a curved line. The exactitude of the line's direction was determined by the paper being carefully ruled out in the millimeters of Continental measurements. A millimeter, for those who are curious in such details, I may add, represents the 0.03937 of an inch.

The person being blindfolded a line was drawn by him under the conditions I have described; then, after a certain interval had elapsed, he was asked to draw another line, as nearly approximating in length to that first drawn as he was possible of conceiving. The difference between the lines was then noted and the results compared. It appears that about 4000 experiments were made, three individuals being concerned in them. Taking the average, it was found that after an interval of half a minute the error was one twenty-ninth; after two minutes one twenty-eighth, and after six minutes one twenty-fourth. Thus we get wider variations after the greater intervals. After ten minutes the error in drawing the line exactly was one twenty-first, and after fifteen minutes one seventeenth of the original line's length. How far the "personal equation" and the individual capacity may be said to effect such exercises, is, of course, a matter regarding which it is impossible to dogmatise. Probably it will be found here, as elsewhere, that the memory of movement and localising power of one person are vastly superior to those of another, and *vice versa*. But the study of Dr. Schneider teaches us in a new phase the difficulties which we experience in converting ourselves into merely mechanical instruments, capable of doing precisely the same thing unerringly and without a slip. This is the penalty we all pay for our high nervous organisation. We cannot be intelligent, responsible beings, possessed of free will and the other attributes of our high state, and mere machines as well.

Here is a curious incident which possesses some bearing, I think, on the "showers of frogs" question which lately agitated the St. Helens district of Lancashire, and to which allusion was made in this column a few weeks gone by. It is related that during a storm in May last at Bavaria, eight miles east of Vicksburg, a gopher-turtle, six inches by eight in size, fell with the hail. The turtle was entirely encased in ice. This incident, to my mind, is more wonderful even than the showers of frogs. At Vicksburg itself, we are told, one of the hailstones had a solid nucleus, in the shape of a piece of alabaster, measuring in length from a half to three-quarters of an inch. A writer commenting on this storm remarks that special local gusts or whirls must carry the objects in question from the surface of the earth to the cloud-region. Then, subjected to a low temperature, they become encased in snow and ice, and reappear in their descent as hailstones. From this basis it is calculated that prior to the formation of clouds, rain, and necessarily hail, ascending currents must take their way from the earth to the skies; while it is added that solid particles are needed to begin the work of the precipitation of water. If a gopher-turtle of the size named can thus be whirled into the clouds, there seems no need to go beyond my former suggestion regarding the nature of the showers of frogs.



## ART NOTES.

Although the memorial statues erected in London, or, at any rate, most of them, are not worth much, they deserve better usage than that they should serve as back sheet for lantern advertisements. If the statue itself be unworthy of a great man's name, there is still that great man's memory to be considered. That the Nelson column should be available for the advertising fiend gives ground for reflection in more ways than one. Public statuary receives small honour even in those countries where climate agrees with it and sculpture is of greater artistic worth than ours has been. It is not surprising that inhabitants of Zululand should be unæsthetic, therefore it comes as no shock, though it is subject of regret to learn from the Natal press that the monument to the Prince Imperial has disappeared. But Paris can tell more than one tale of sculpture wantonly mutilated, and the latest Continental vandalism in this line is that a statue of Prince Leopold, Regent of Bavaria, has vanished from Wittelsbaur Park.

The Kaiser unveiled a monument at Königsberg last week. It was a statue of Wilhelm I. In Germany, as in England, it seems as if no honour were due to the artist who produces such memorials—not even the slight recognition of mentioning his name when accounts of unveiling the work are published. One correspondent went so far as to say that the German Emperor “spoke to the sculptor.”

That students of decorative design should see good examples of art, even when such studies are eventually to be applied only to crafts, is, of course, incontrovertible; but it may be questioned whether the multifarious works bought for such purpose by Leeds will be as educational as the one design for a tapestry by Sir Edward Burne-Jones which has been presented to the School of Art at Manchester. Etchings, although by such masters as Mérimon and Whistler, are of little service as object-lessons for technical training. Neither can landscape be of the first importance to such end, yet Leeds has spent some of its substance in acquiring marine paintings by Mr. Edwin Hayes, and landscapes by Mr. David Murray, for the benefit of craftsmen's education.

For the last year Mr. Whistler has been engaged on lithograph, and he has executed some two score or so of drawings. Whether the art is quite worthy of one who so thoroughly comprehends the terse yet expressive language of etching as does the author of “Little Venice” and of “Zaandam,” may be questioned. Not that the lithographs are much less terse or expressive. But the public, and even connoisseurs, taste has to be educated greatly before it can divest itself of association between lithographs and Vere Foster's drawing-books of a generation ago. Nevertheless, Mr. Whistler's lithographs, which before long will be shown at the Goupil Gallery, are both interesting and beautiful; that they are cleverly drawn goes without saying. They would scarcely be Mr. Whistler's if the titles were not original, therefore besides a “Street in Paris,”

“La Belle Jardinière” (which are two of the best), “Confidence dans le Jardin,” and “La Blanchisseuse,” there are such hybrid names as “La Belle Newyorkaise” and “The Late Piquet.” It is easy to recognise the artist's wife as “La Belle Dame Paresseuse.”

Sir Edward Burne-Jones's pictures, designs for tapestry, stained glass, &c., lend themselves so well to almost every method of reproduction that the pictorial part of the *Art Annual* for 1894 is likely to excel that of preceding years. Sir Edward Burne-Jones has lived in the same house for more than twenty-five years—the house in which Richardson the novelist resided—and a view of the house and of his two studios will be given among the half-hundred illustrations which are to accompany the text. This will be from the pen of Miss Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady).

Judging from remarks overheard at the National Gallery, by people looking at the recent addition to the French school collection, it is evident that the uninformed never heard of Le Sueur, while the ill-informed confuse him with the sculptor of the equestrian statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross. This statue, the bewreathing of which annually causes mild excitement, was the work of Hubert Le Sueur (also spelt “Sueur”). It was cast in 1633, but the Commonwealth would none of it, and orders were issued that it should be destroyed. With prescience, and with presence of mind, the brazier to whom this command was given buried the martyr monarch's effigy, and did not disinter it until another King enjoyed his own again. Eustace Le Sueur, the painter of “The Holy Family,” was born in Paris 1617, and was a pupil, together with Lebrun, of Vouet. Louis XIII. appointed Vouet his principal painter, and gave him a pension while he was living in Italy. On return there, Louis gave a sum of money for the decoration of the chapels of St. Maria, but Vouet engaged Le Sueur to do “The Assumption,” and, according to M. Saintine, it was while he was painting this work that he fell in love with a beautiful nun who sat to him for the Virgin. This sentiment shadowed his temperament for the rest of his life, but it did not prevent his marrying one whom his religion did not deny him, in 1642. He studied Raphael assiduously, and there was just enough reflection of such studies in his subsequent works to earn him the name of “the French Raphael.” He died in 1655, and tradition avers that he was so great a rival to Lebrun that, on Le Sueur's decease, Lebrun exclaimed, “Death hath taken a huge thorn from my foot.”

A very interesting exhibition of drawings in black and white, chiefly the work of the youngest English school, is announced for Sept. 17 at the rooms of the Royal Institute of Water-Colour Painters in Piccadilly. The exhibition will consist chiefly of drawings made for Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co., whose illustrated editions of the “Morte d'Arthur,” and of Jane Austen and our older novelists, seem to have met the public taste. Among the artists represented will be found Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, Mr. Anning Bell, Mr. J. D. Batten, Mr. Walter Crane,

Miss Erichsen, Mr. Herbert Railton, Mr. F. J. Wheeler, and other names, some of which are new to us. Messrs. Dent, we believe, were the first publishers to introduce Mr. Beardsley to the public, and the finer and not the least characteristic and pleasant side of his work will be fully represented.

A line of railway, with the extremely narrow gauge of fifteen inches, constructed at Duffield Bank, near Derby, from 1874 to 1881, by Mr. A. Percival Heywood, as an experiment of cheap conveyance of agricultural and commercial goods in some localities which may not require a more costly railway, has been working efficiently since its completion. From Thursday, Sept. 6, to the following Saturday it was visited and inspected by large parties whom Mr. A. Percival Heywood invited, and who formed a satisfactory opinion of his design. The line is purposely made with many very sharp curves, and runs through three tunnels and over two bridges and a viaduct and steep inclines within the length of a mile. It is worked by powerful little locomotives drawing the heaviest loads that can be piled in the wagons at the average pace of seven miles and a half in the hour.

The historical estate of Glencoe, in Argyllshire, has at last been sold for only £15,900. The ex-proprietor, Captain Duncan Macdonald, is, though only on the mother's side, a great-grandson of the Macdonald of Glencoe who was killed in the massacre, and a grandson of the Macdonald of Glencoe on whom Alan Breck Stewart called on the morning after the Appin murder. The guilt of the Glencoe massacre rests with three or four Scotchmen—namely, Sir James Dalrymple, Lord Stair, the Earl of Breadalbane, and the military officers by whom it was executed in the most treacherous manner. They misused, to gratify private hatred, a warrant signed by King William III., who had never intended to authorise more than the just and needful suppression of gangs of habitual marauders in the Scottish Highlands, and who was in Holland when the Glencoe massacre took place. He was one of the most clement and merciful of Kings.

The prospect of an early settlement of the Scotch coal strike is not so bright as it seemed to be a few days ago, and evidences are not wanting that the dispute may yet be prolonged for a week or two. Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., has sent the following reply to a correspondent who asked him to act with Mr. Asquith as mediator: “It is unnecessary, I hope, to say that in so far as my services could be of any value in bringing to an end this disastrous dispute in a manner satisfactory to both parties they are at the disposal of the public; but it must be evident it is worse than useless for us to intervene except under conditions which render a successful issue probable. One of these conditions must obviously be that our aid should be invoked by both parties to the controversy. Another is that there should be satisfactory evidence that there is so earnest a desire for a settlement that any award would be gladly adhered to both by employers and employed. I need scarcely point out to you that at the present time there is no indication that either of these conditions has been fulfilled.”

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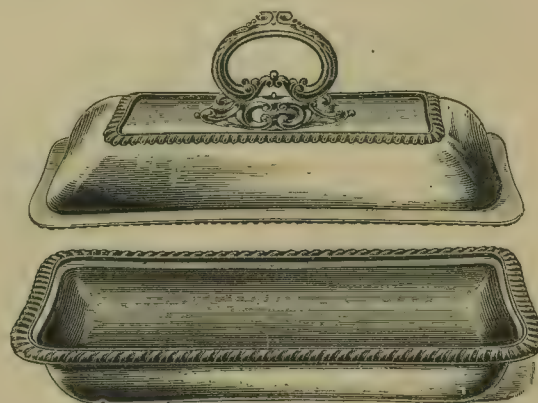
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

No one as yet, as far as I know, has been able satisfactorily to account for the waves of change that pass over the theatrical world, making a form of entertainment once more popular that had been discarded and put away. Now it is Shakspeare and the classics, now farcical comedy, now comic opera, and now melodrama. Even melodrama itself has its defined varieties. Not so long ago, the Adelphi, which is, of course, the home of the best melodrama, treated its patrons to a simple and domestic sample. The Village Rose was the heroine, the English sailor or soldier the hero; the agricultural rustic served as the comic man. Those were the days of "Harbour Lights" and "In the Ranks," our popular authors never travelling very far out of Old England. From the great success of "The Fatal Card," an exciting play extremely well put together by Mr. Haddon Chambers and Mr. B. C. Stephenson, both experienced dramatists, it would not be rash to prophesy the dawn of a new era of romantic drama. We have not arrived at the fantastic, picturesque, and semi-historical phase of the art. I don't think that we are ripe yet for such plays as "The Duke's Motto" or "Proof" or "Bel Demonio"; but it would be well for the modern dramatist who would learn and practise himself in a difficult art to look up the works of the elder Dumas and D'Ennery, and to study the successes of Frederic Lemaitre, Mélingue and Dumaine. In the new Adelphi play there are at least three very strong and powerful scenes. The prologue is excellently arranged and finished. In fact, it is so strong that the second act, with its rather feeble love interest, follows it almost as an anticlimax. The murder of the old merchant in the city, though not new to melodrama, is handled with great skill by all concerned in it; while the rescue of the hero within one second of the time that the detonating machine explodes and wrecks the room has been hailed as a veritable Adelphi triumph. But when all has been said and done I cannot help thinking that the clever authors owe a great debt of gratitude to three at least of the actors engaged on this startling play. I have never seen Mr. William Terriss to greater advantage than in the prologue and in the last act of "The Fatal Card." His voice, always good, has gained strength and resonance, and we have to go back to Salvini to be reminded of an organ so powerful and at the same time so pleasant. In fact, so well does Mr. Terriss look as the picturesque miner that we long mainly on his account for the Don Césars and Ruy Blas and Buridans of the French romantic drama. The excellent work that Mr. Abingdon has done again and again in the various Ibsen plays has done him a great deal of good, and he takes capital advantage of this kind of lurid experience both in the scene of the murder of the old man and in the drawing of lots for the slaughter of the hero. The cowardly striking of the bound man, by the craven robber is as strong a thing of the kind as I have ever seen on the stage. It makes the audience wince and shudder. Mr. Murray Carson was a little nervous on the first representation of the play, but he has got the exactly right view

of a character which in its interest and development is far better than one usually finds in what people are pleased to call mere melodrama. There are parts in "mere melodrama" that tax the talent of our best artists. Thanks to the excellent care, discretion, and good taste of Mr. Harry Nicholls, Miss Laura Linden and Miss Sophie Larkin, some of the most dangerous comic scenes ever presented on the modern stage passed off without the slightest offence. We all know what would have become of them in the days of Buckstone, Wright, and Paul Bedford. Comedians of that day did not want a hint in order to add colour to what was pretty gaudy already.

It must have delighted the heart of that idol of the public, Nelly Farren, to hear the applause showered on her clever boy, Mr. Farren Soutar, when he made so successful a performance in the new version of "The Gaiety Girl," recently transferred to Daly's Theatre. We have clearly here the makings of a very able comedian. The boy is alert and confident, he comes before the footlights like an old stager, and his lightness of movement in the dance is extraordinary for one built on a tolerably big scale. And he has humour, too, which will be developed by and by. Here, at any rate, we have a young dancer and singer who would at once attract attention even if he were not Nelly Farren's son. Unfortunately, Miss Letty Lind was ill on the first night of the Daly régime, so we shall have to wait to see what she will make of Alma Somerset, who hitherto has been the most discreet, sentimental, and modest of young women, not at all given to petticoat dances, pirouettes, or comic songs. While Miss Lind is away, a very charming representative of the ill-treated Gaiety girl has been found in Miss Marie Studholme—emphatically a stage beauty—who, with Miss Maud Hobson and many more, would have been very formidable rivals to the Miss Herberts, Miss Wyndhams, Miss Cotterills, and Rose Masseys of times gone by. Mr. Owen Hall's play is vastly improved by the addition to the staff of Mr. Rutland Barrington, who plays the doctor (once the indiscreet chaplain) with rare humour, but without the slightest trace of vulgarity. Miss Lottie Venno and Mr. Hayden Coffin are as good as ever, and it is a treat to hear the popular "Tommy Atkins" as given by Mr. Coffin. But I do wish that he would not drag the love romance that concludes the story. If it were taken quicker in the more passionate passages the effect would be far better. Pretty and piquant little Miss Kate Cutler quite came to the front in the character of the doctor's daughter, and she promises to be an actress and singer of some moment. In fact, "The Gaiety Girl" is so popular, and the songs are so well known, that the audience has begun to join lustily in the familiar choruses.

If it were not so very wrong and sinful to "criticise in advance"—though it is done every day in the week by managers and authors when they are casting a new play, and choosing actors and actresses as much by temperament as popularity and reputation—I should say that Mr. Henry Irving would make a great success as the old Corporal, aged eighty-six, in Dr. Conan Doyle's dramatic little episode, "A Story of Waterloo." It will be seen for the first time at Bristol next week.

## OBITUARY.

EARL SONDES.

The Right Hon. George Watson Milles, Earl Sondes,



Viscount Throwley, of Lees Court, in the county of Kent, and Baron Sondes, died on Sept. 10. He was the eldest son of the fourth Baron Sondes, and was born Oct. 2, 1824. He was educated at Eton, and, entering the Army, became a Captain

in the Royal Horse Guards in 1852, resigning six years later. He represented East Kent in the Conservative interest from 1868 to 1874, when he succeeded his father in the peerage, Dec. 17, 1874. He married, Jan. 25, 1859, Charlotte, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Stracey, Bart. He was advanced to the earldom and viscounty May 4, 1880. The deceased peer is succeeded by his eldest son, George Edward, Viscount Throwley, who was born May 11, 1861. The new peer is D.L. and a County Councillor for Kent, and is Captain in the East Kent Yeomanry Cavalry.

LORD DUNSANDLE AND CLAN CONAL.

The Right Hon. Skeffington James Daly, third Baron



Dunsandle and Clan Conal, of Dunsandle, county Galway, Ireland, died in Dublin on Sept. 7. He was born Dec. 25, 1811, and was the second son of Mr. James Daly, who, after representing the county of Galway in Parliament, was created a peer

of Ireland June 6, 1845. The deceased peer succeeded his eldest brother Jan. 11, 1893, and is succeeded by his nephew, James Frederick Daly. The new peer is the son of the late Hon. Robert Daly, the fifth son of the first Baron. He was for some time an assistant private secretary to Lord Beaconsfield, and afterwards acted as private secretary to Lord Idlesleigh.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Colonel Henry Warde Webster, of the Indian Staff Corps, who served in the Indian Mutiny, on Sept. 3.

Lieutenant-General William Cosmo Trevor, C.B., at his residence, 6, Maison Dieu Road, Dover, on Sept. 4.


Colonel Charles Wolfran Nugent Guinness, C.B., at Holton Hall, Suffolk, on Sept. 7. He retired from the Army last year, after thirty-three years' service.

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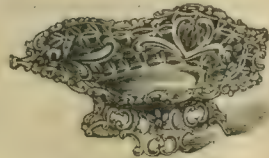
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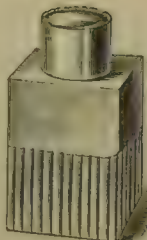
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS

The will (dated Jan. 30, 1889) of Mr. William Henry Worthington, of Derwent Bank, Derby, who died on July 15, at Folkestone, was proved on Aug. 29 by Mrs. Alicia Elizabeth Worthington, the widow, the acting executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £643,000. The testator gives to his wife £250 as executrix, an immediate legacy of £2000, a further sum of £150,000, one hundred shares in the Burton, Uttoxeter, and Ashbourn Bank, his residence at Derwent Bank, all the lands occupied therewith, and all his hereditaments in the parish of St. Alkmunds, all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, wines, consumable stores, household effects, horses and carriages at any residence occupied by him; and £20,000 for such charitable or other objects as she in her uncontrolled discretion shall think fit. He bequeaths £1000 each to the Burton-on-Trent Infirmary, the Derbyshire General Infirmary, and the Railway Servants' Orphanage at Derby; £2000 to his cousin, the Rev. John Worthington; £500 to the Rev. Dr. Craig; and £40,000, upon trust, for his sister, Catherine Elizabeth Pedder, for life, then for her husband, Colonel Charles Denison Pedder, for life, and then for her four children. All the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brother, Albert Octavius Worthington.

The will (dated Jan. 11, 1894) of Sir Henry Ainslie Hoare, Bart., of Stourhead, Wilts, who died on July 7 at 12, West Eaton Place, was proved on Aug. 30 by Charles Hoare, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £126,000. The testator gives £600, his town residence, such of his horses and carriages as she may select, and all his wines and consumable stores to his wife; the bust of his great-uncle

Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., upon trust, to go with the heirlooms at Stourhead; his furniture, plate, china, glass, books, linen, pictures, musical instruments, and other articles of domestic use or ornament to his wife for life, then to his daughter for life, and then to go with his residuary estate; £100 to his goddaughter Violet Mary Vivian; £100 each to his executors; £200 to his agent Robert George Shackleton; and one year's wages to each servant who has been five years in his service at his death. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, then for his daughter for life, and then for her children (being daughters) who shall attain twenty-one or marry in equal shares. He desires to be buried in an unbricked grave, that his funeral should be a walking one, and that it should be conducted in the plainest possible manner.

The will and codicil (both dated April 30, 1894) of Mrs. Ellen Barton, of Caldý Manor, West Kirby, Cheshire, who died on May 14, were proved on Aug. 30 by the Rev. Herbert Brandt and Francis Brandt, the brothers, and Henry John Hope Barton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £78,000. The testatrix bequeaths £6000, upon trust, to pay the income to the assistant curate ministering to the spiritual needs of the village of Caldý; £2000, upon trust, to apply the income in paying the expenses of the chapel attached to the manor of Caldý; her diamonds to be sold and the proceeds applied in placing a Paradise Window by Kempe in the chancel of Bishopstoke in memory of her late husband, and the balance given to some charity; her rose diamond ring for some charity in connection with the parish of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington; £15,000 and the Derby House estate left to her by her husband, to the

said Henry John Hope Barton; £10,000 each to her brothers Herbert and Francis Brandt; and legacies to relatives, godchildren, servants, and others. The residue of her property she gives to her said two brothers.

The will, dated May 26, 1879, with a codicil, dated July 26, 1888, of Mr. John Fitzherbert, formerly of Breadsall, Derbyshire, and late of Twynham, Bournemouth, who died on July 29, was proved on Aug. 28 by Francis Beresford Wright and the Rev. James Fitzherbert, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator bequeaths £150, and all his household furniture and effects, horses, and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Arabella Penelope Fitzherbert; and legacies to his trustees. All his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, or until her second marriage, and then for his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 1, 1892) of Mrs. Rosa Madox (widow of Colonel Henry Madox, K.H., late of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons) of 22, Pulteney Street, Bath, who died on July 10, was proved at the Bristol District Registry on Aug. 10 by the Earl of Buckinghamshire and Edward Richard Dolling, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testatrix bequeaths £50 to the Bath General or Mineral Water Hospital; and numerous and considerable legacies to friends, godchildren, servants, and others. All her real estate (if any) and the residue of her personal estate she gives to Georgiana Wilhelmina, Countess of Buckinghamshire.

The will, as contained in paper writings A and B, with two codicils, of Mrs. Louisa Beresford, of 17, Belvedere, Tunbridge Wells, who died on July 18, was proved on

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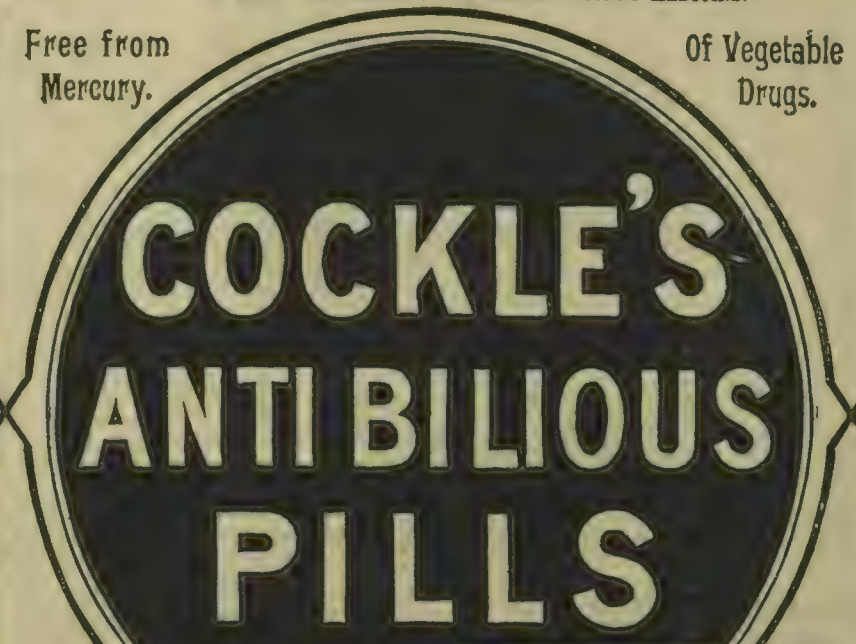
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THE SEASON:

The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoy-  
able by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the  
multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between  
Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return after a performance  
at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the  
towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul  
Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic  
achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a com-  
pany all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic  
and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo  
from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present  
were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of  
Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La  
Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Monthazon  
and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by  
Audran; and "Ruy Blas," with Mounet-Sully on Jan. 9. The  
director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon  
Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The programme from March 10 to April 1 consisted of two  
representations every week in the following order: "Samson  
et Dalila," by Saint-Seins, with Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Saléza  
and Fabre; "La Sonambula," Madame Marcelle Sembrich,  
Messrs. Queyria and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robart," by  
Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedec  
and Queyria; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment"; and on  
April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mlle.  
Elven, M. Queyria, and M. Boudouresque fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at  
the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at  
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superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works  
collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements  
made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de  
Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary  
presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among  
the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille,  
and Barrias, of the Institut; Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carolus  
Duran, Edouard, Sir Frederic Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo  
Micheletti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee,  
with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most  
esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn  
tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and  
amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the  
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Pursuant to the Statute 22nd and 23rd Vic. cap. 35. Notice is hereby given that all Creditors and other persons having any claims against the Estate of John Cass Smart, late of Combe Hay Manor, near Bath, in the County of Somerset, Doctor of Medicine, deceased (who died on the 14th day of July, 1894, and whose Will with a Codicil thereto, was proved on the 3rd day of September, 1894, by Francis Gray Smart, of Bredbury, Tunbridge Wells, in the County of Kent, Esquire; George Edward Smart, of Combe Hay Manor, in the County of Somerset, Esquire; and Margaret Smart, of Combe Hay Manor aforesaid, Spinster, the Executors therein named) are hereby required to send the particulars in writing of their claims to the undersigned Solicitors for the Executors on or before the 13th day of October, 1894, after which date the Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice, and they will not be liable to any person of whose claim they shall not then have had notice.

Dated this 4th day of September, 1894.

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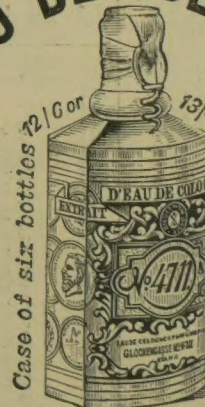


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Sept. 1 by Ernest Balfour Trotter, the nephew, and William Hamilton Pott, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testatrix bequeaths many pecuniary and specific legacies; and the residue of her property she gives to her five nieces, Margaret Anne Leversage, Jean Sibella Corrie, Alice Margaret Brown, Constance Isabella Gray, and Alice Louisa Haslam, and her great-niece, Maria Georgina Haig, in equal shares.

The will of Mr. Richard Spraggett, J.P., of Haldane, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, who died on July 20 at Padgate Vicarage, near Warrington, was proved on Aug. 30 by the Rev. Joshua James Langham, Charles Cooke Spraggett, the nephew, and William Appleton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7403.

The will and codicil of Lieut.-Colonel Henry Horatio Kitchener, formerly 9th Foot, late of the Manor House, Cossington, Leicestershire, and of the Oriental Club, Hanover Square, who died on Aug. 14, was proved on Aug. 30 by Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener, K.C.M.G., C.B.,

the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £268.

In a recent summary of Mr. A. M. Speer's will, the name of his brother should have been given as Mr. Henry Templeman Speer.

The Panama Canal work is about to be revived by a combination of French and American capitalists, with a new company, having a capital of sixty million francs to begin with. As the immediate difficulty in cutting the canal is the Culebra, thirty million francs are to be expended at once on that work. This being done, a technical commission is to proceed to the isthmus, with the object of ascertaining not only whether the capital has been properly expended, but also whether, after the experience thus gained, there is any reasonable hope of completing the canal works for a total of five, six, or seven hundred million francs. In the case of the commission reporting favourably, a further issue of shares will be made, and the

liquidator has still the unissued lottery bonds, which he will then be able to issue at three hundred francs each, so the new company will have an additional capital from this source. All the machinery and plant of the isthmus will be transferred to the new enterprise, together with the concession and land.

The People's Palace has issued its programme of work for the coming session. For the first time a course for the London University Bachelor of Science degree is offered. Special attention may be directed to the new engineering workshops and laboratories, erected by the generosity of the Drapers' Company, to which the People's Palace owes so much. The educational work may be divided into two sections: the Day Technical School, managed by Mr. D. A. Low, with scholarships of the annual value of £1000; and the Evening Classes, managed by Mr. J. L. S. Hatton, providing an extraordinary variety of instruction, ranging from Latin to letterpress printing, from singing to sign-writing. The swimming-bath, given by the Prime Minister, and the library are popular resorts all the year round.

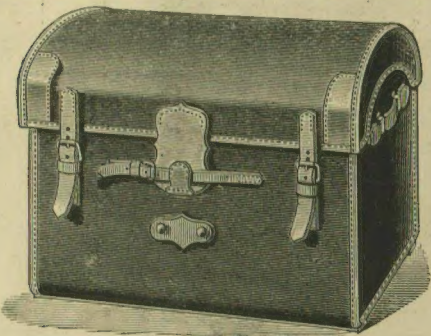
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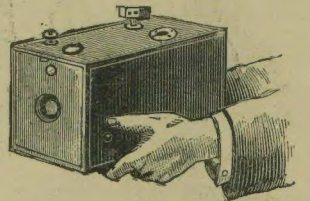
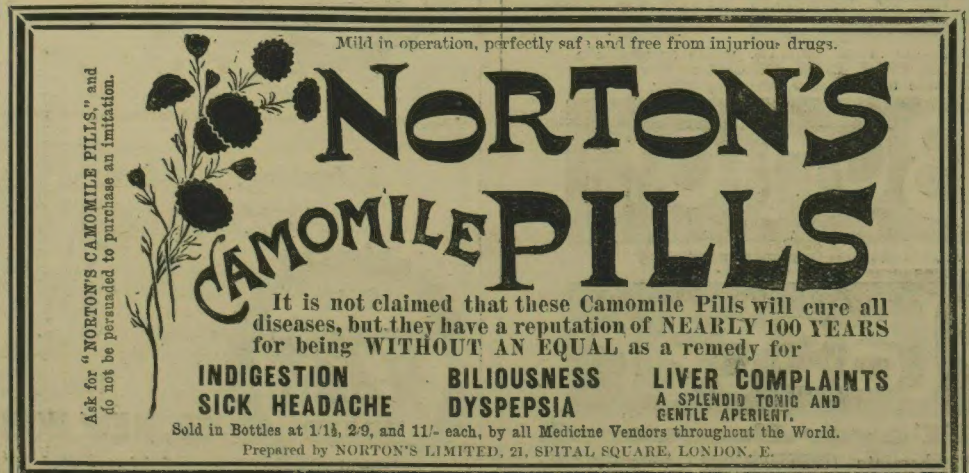
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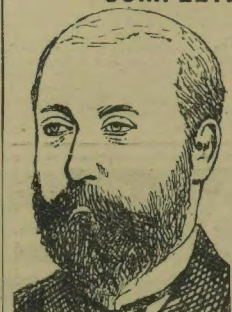


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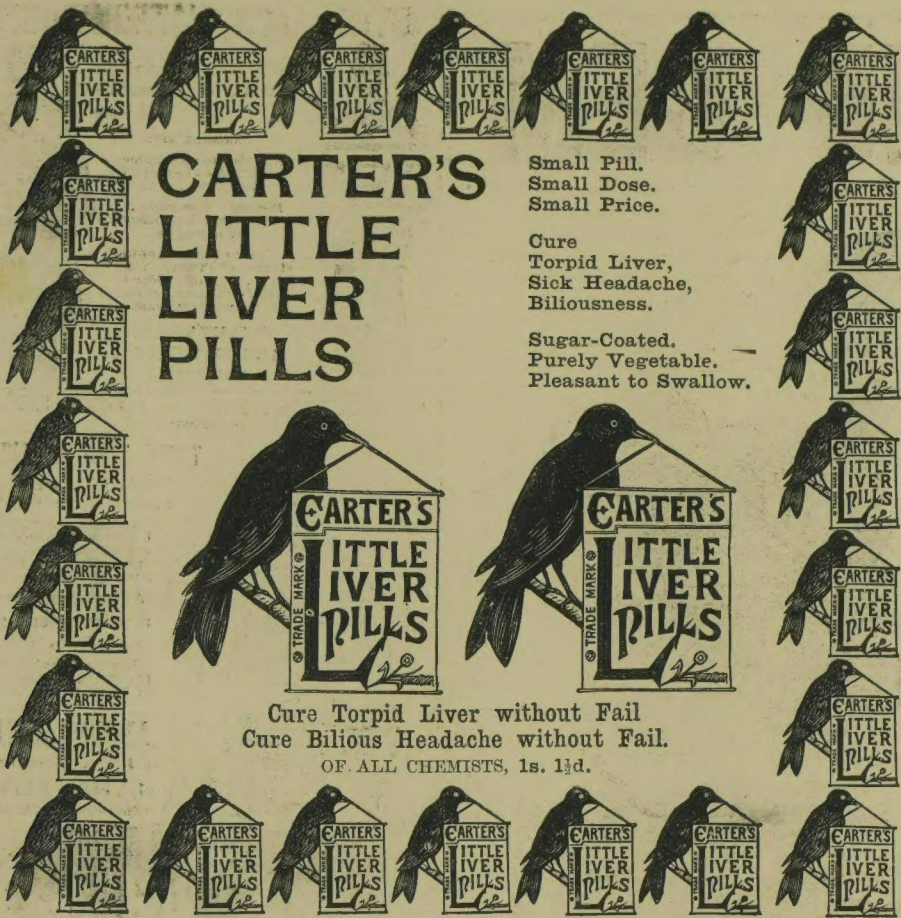
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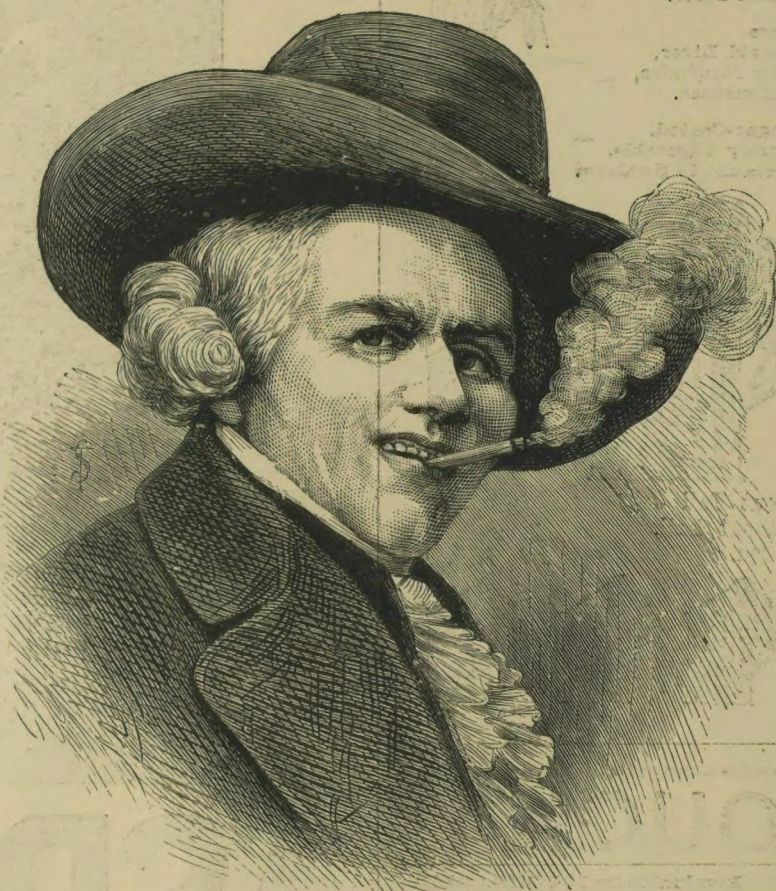


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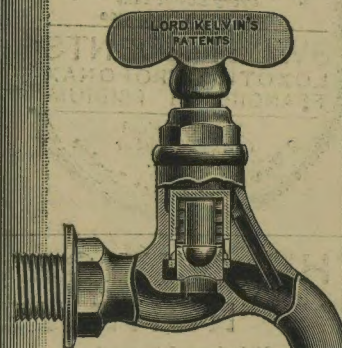
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